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oc July 16, 1964 35¢

RELIGION IN THE SOVIET UNION

THE REPORTER

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1283.

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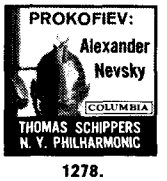

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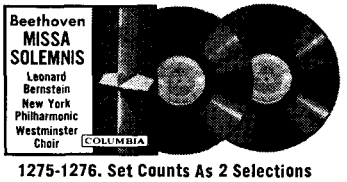

1275-1276. Set Counts As 2 Selections

1103.

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Conducted by BRUNO WALTER

1462-1463-1464-1465-1466. "Taken separately, the individual recordings are recommended without qualification. As a set they stand as near the pinnacle of perfection as any human product ever can." —San Francisco Chronicle

Not Available in 4-Track Stereo Tape

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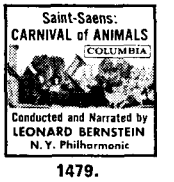

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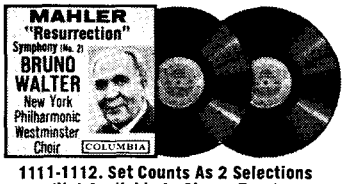
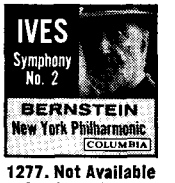
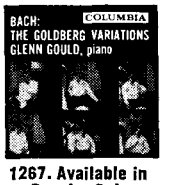


1111-1112. Set Counts As 2 Selections (Not Available in Stereo Tape)



1277. Not Available in Stereo Tape



1267. Available in Regular Only

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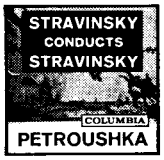


1093.

1084.

1101.

1068.

1480.

1195. Not Available in Stereo Tape

Special Offer!

This Deluxe 3-Record Set Counts as 2 Selections

MOZART'S
Last 6
Symphonies
BRUNO WALTER

1467-1468. "No other conductor seems to give himself to this music so completely."
—N.Y. Herald Trib.

Not Available in 4-Track Stereo Tape

1104-1105. Set Counts As 2 Selections

1070.

1472.

1476.

1280.

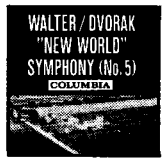
1091.

1287.

1107-1108. Set Counts As 2 Selections

1321.

1098.



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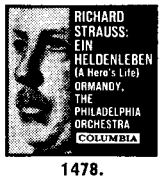

1478.

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1473.

1078. Not Available in Stereo Tape

1273-1274. Set Counts As 2 Selections (Not Available in Stereo Tape)

Special Offer!

This Deluxe 4-Record Set Counts as 3 Selections

BRAHMS'
4 Symphonies
BRUNO WALTER

1469-1470-1471. This deluxe album also includes: Academic Festival Overture; Tragic Overture; Variations on a Theme by Haydn. "This is a monumental album!"
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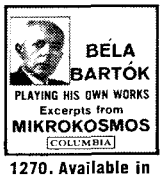

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How the club operates: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding recordings from every field of music. These selections are fully described in the Club's entertaining and informative music Magazine which you will receive free each month. (If you choose to receive 4-track stereo tapes, you will receive the special Tape Magazine each month, which describes scores of outstanding tape selections.)

You may accept the monthly Classical selection . . . or take any of the wide variety of other recordings offered in the Magazine . . . or take no selection in any particular month.

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NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player

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Terre Haute, Indiana

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(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

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City.....State.....Zip Code.....

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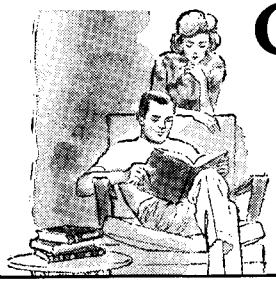

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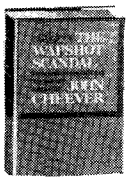

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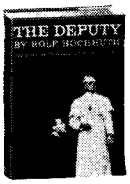

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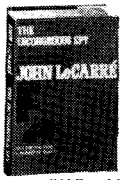

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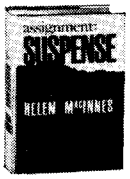

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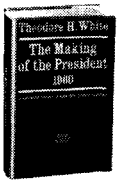

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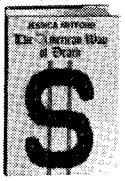

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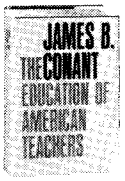

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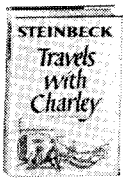

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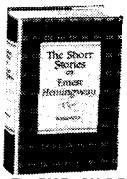

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

JUST a little more than a year ago, President Kennedy made one of the most eloquent speeches of his career. Calling upon all of us to consider what it means "If an American, because his skin is dark, cannot eat lunch in a restaurant open to the public, if he cannot send his children to the best public school available, if he cannot vote for the public officials who represent him, if, in short, he cannot enjoy the full and free life which all of us want . . . ," Mr. Kennedy declared, "We face, therefore, a moral crisis as a country and as a people." No other President had met the issue so squarely, and a few days later he sent to Capitol Hill the civil-rights legislation that has just been passed, to be signed by another President who will now be charged with enforcing the national commitment.

The perils and complexities of this next phase are analyzed in **Max Ascoli's** editorial. . . . After a year of maneuver and debate, the bill that has emerged is even stronger than it was when President Kennedy first recommended it. Some of the skill that accounted for this success is described by **Elizabeth Brenner Drew,** a senior writer for the *Congressional Quarterly*. . . . In our issue of May 21 we printed an article called "It Will Be a Hot Summer in Mississippi," in which **Richard Woodley,** a feature writer on the staff of the Middletown (Connecticut) *Press,* reported on the preparations civil-rights groups were making for their big drive in the deepest areas of the Deep South. He mentioned the work already being done at a sort of pilot project in Meridian, Mississippi, by a young married couple from New York, Michael and Rita Schwerner. Now that Mr. Schwerner has become an object of the entire country's concern, a more detailed account of his activities—and what he thought about—seems appropriate.

UPON his return from his latest journey into Russia, our correspondent **George Bailey** asks why it is that the Soviets are intensifying their attacks on religion. Of course it has always been Communist doctrine that the Judeo-Christian ethic, or even less precise aspirations to immortality, serves to lull the masses into the acceptance of all manner of exploitation. Communists have not changed their views. Mr. Bailey appraises the régime's attempts to infiltrate and control the Orthodox hierarchy and its less subtle attacks on the sects—Baptists, Pentecostals, Seventh Day Adventists, and Jehovah's Witnesses. He also reports on the plight of the Jews. . . . **Vincent J. Burke,** of the Washington Bureau of the Los Angeles *Times,* sees in the bill that has just been passed to provide Federal aid for mass urban transit systems an unusual success story, in which some traditional villains played almost heroic roles while some usually heroic personages played what at best can be called ambiguous ones. . . . One of the first episodes in the war on poverty took place in Norfolk, Virginia. **James W. Canan,** who reports on it, is with the Washington bureau of Gannett Newspapers.

SOME of the new German attitudes toward Hitler are discussed by **Gordon A. Craig,** who has taught at Yale, Princeton, and currently Stanford. He writes from Berlin, where he is spending the summer at the Free University. A specialist in modern European history, Professor Craig is the author of *The Battle of Königgrätz: Prussia's Victory over Austria, 1866,* which has recently been issued by Lippincott as part of its Great Battles of History series. . . . **Justin O'Brien,** who teaches in the Department of French at Columbia, is the author of *Portrait of André Gide* and is also the editor and translator of Gide's *Journals,* which are available from Knopf in four hard-cover volumes or two paperbacks. . . . **Mary V. Walton** is a free-lance writer living in New York. . . . **Robert P. Knapp, Jr.,** a lawyer, is a graduate of West Point. . . . **Thomas Kinsella's** *Poems and Translations* was published by Atheneum in a paperback edition. . . . **George Steiner** is presently lecturing at the Indiana University School of Letters. Regularly a member of the staff at Churchill College, Cambridge, England, Mr. Steiner is the author of *Anno Domini: Three Stories,* which Atheneum will bring out in the fall. . . . **Robert Sklar** teaches American history and literature at Harvard. . . . The San Francisco sketches are by **Helen Drew,** who makes her home there. . . . Our Chilean commentator, **Fernando Krahn,** gives his impression of a recurrent American phenomenon.

Our cover, inspired by sets for the Bolshoi Ballet, is by **Frederic Marvin.**

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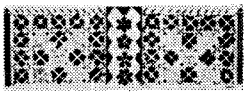
P-348. GOLDEN TROUBADOUR No. 2. Spanish harlequin with lute in costume of red, yellow, grey and steel blue *all on metallic gold paper.* 28¾" x 11¼" on a 35¼" x 13" sheet. *Special* **2.98**

P-347. GOLDEN TROUBADOUR No. 1. A jester-like court troubadour of Old Spain; a blond-bearded harlequin in red, steel and marine blues and grey *all on metallic gold paper.* 28¾" x 11¼" on a 35¼" x 13" sheet. *Special* **2.98**

P-346. MEXICAN BARK PAINTING No. 2. Silk-screen from a bark painting by Aztec descendants of Mexico's Valle de las Flores on textured granite paper: blue, green, white, purple, chartreuse, grey, magenta on brown background. 26" x 20". *Special* **2.98**



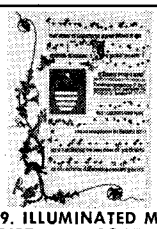
P-303. MATISSE: DECORATION WITH MASK. Matisse lavished his most breathtaking colors on this magnificent design for a wall ceramic in 1953. Blue, shades of green, orange, yellow, red, magenta, brown and black—all Matisse and altogether a marvelous print to hang in those "difficult" rooms that call for decoration with art that is out of the ordinary. 17" x 46". *Special* **2.98**

P-247. KAETHE KOLLWITZ: *SLUMBER.* This superb black and white charcoal drawing, with its soft grays, has been expertly silk-screened onto a sheet of heavy stock 26" x 20". *Special* **1.98**

P-340. PICASSO: *WHITE CLOWN.* A silk-screen of Picasso's most famous *White Clown;* brown background on textured olive stock. 19" x 25". *Special* **2.98**

P-341. The above on *genuine artists' canvas.* *Special* **5.95**

P-338. ILLUMINATED LETTER "A". Silk-screen of Czech medieval music manuscript in green, blue, orange, black, metallic gold, rose on granite background, special parchment paper. 20" x 26". *Special* **2.98**



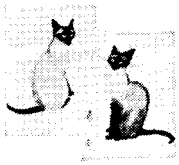
P-339. ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT - COAT OF ARMS. Czech medieval music manuscript in red, green, blue, orange, rose and black on a granite background, silk-screened on special parchment paper. 20" x 26". *Special* **2.98**

P-814. UNICORN IN CAPTIVITY. A white unicorn in a pale brown enclosure against a predominantly green background. Silk screen. 35" x 23". *Special* **5.95**

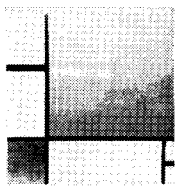
P-337. MATISSE: *CREOLE DANCER.* One of the master artist's last works in magenta, green, orange, black, red, yellow, blue and white. 23" x 35". *Special* **2.98**

P-307. PRE-COLOMBIAN WARRIOR. Warrior from Central-American culture of the Chiriqui, ca. 1300, in black, brick-red on a *dark beige reinforced burlap.* 26" x 26". **5.95**

P-308. CHARGING BULL. Magnificent black bull imbued with all the rage and frenzy of the arena, charging in an ungovernable storm across a white background—by Vaquero Tunios, 1959, 26" x 20". **1.98**



P-946. ZOE AND ZACK. A pair of Siamese cats, Sealpoints, in lifelike beige and black, with inscrutable blue eyes. Each fine reproduction is on a sheet 24½" high x 17" wide. *Orig. $10.00.* *The pair, only* **2.98**

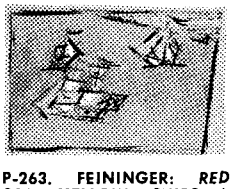


P-890. MONDRIAN: COMPOSITION WITH RED, YELLOW & BLUE. The plastic purity of Mondrian's abstract art is brilliantly apparent in this beautiful silk screen reproduction. 19" x 19" on a 23" x 26" sheet. *Special* **2.98**

P-958. MUSICIANS. This handsome sixteenth-century woodcut panel is silk-screened onto a special, handmade rice paper. White figures are outlined in brown against a metallic gold background. A splendid print in keeping with the newest decorator trends; ideal for modern, traditional or period room. 10¼" high x 31¼" wide picture area. *Special* **2.98**

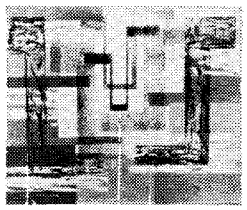
P-896. ROUAULT: *THE OLD KING.* Rich stained glass tones of red, yellow and blue. Blue-green background, gray border. Silk-screen. 22" x 16" picture area. *Special* **2.98**

P-792. GAUGUIN-ON CANVAS: *SEATED GIRL.* Silk-screen of Tahitian maid delineated in scene of stylized shapes in black, red, dark brown and yellow. On canvas; 21" x 31" *Special* **4.95**



P-263. FEININGER: *RED SEA YELLOW SHIPS.* A sensitive seascape with fine linear detail by the popular cubist master, the red sea and yellow sails are set off by the blue and white flags against a gray sky. Silk screen. 18" high x 28" wide. *Special* **2.98**

P-953. FRANZ MARC: *RED HORSES.* By a modern German master of animal studies. Brilliant reds, blues, blue-greens, yellow and yellow-greens on an orange background. Silk screen. 15" x 23". *Special* **2.98**



P-999. I. RICE PEREIRA: *LANDSCAPE OF THE ABSOLUTE.* The cutting of the silk screens for this reproduction was supervised by the artist herself. Blues are highlighted with strong white. 20" x 25". *Orig. $20.00.* *Only* **6.95**

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P-248. KAETHE KOLLWITZ: *MOTHER AND CHILD.* A fine silk-screen reproduction of this sensitively rendered charcoal drawing in black and white on a heavy, 26" high x 20" wide sheet. *Special* **1.98**

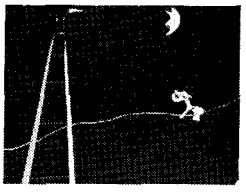
P-261. CRETAN WALL PAINTING: *BULL DANCERS.* A late Minoan frieze, dated about 1500 B.C., from the Palace at Knossos, depicting leapers or dancers in three positions of their intricate and deadly ritual cavorting with the sacred bull; a finely drawn, colorful work in reds, blues, yellows, browns, grays and black, silk screened on rag paper. 17" high x 46" wide. *Special* **4.95**

P-345. *MEXICAN BARK PAINTING No. 1.* Silk-screen from a bark painting by Aztec descendants of Mexico's Valle de las Flores on textured granite paper: blue, green, white, purple, chartreuse, grey, magenta on brown background. 26" x 20". *Special* **2.98**

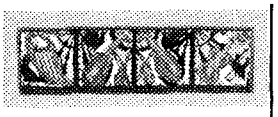
P-342. PICASSO'S "GUERNICA". Panel size, 54" x 27½" reproduction of Picasso's masterpiece proclaiming his horror at the bombing of the little Basque town of Guernica during the Spanish Civil War. Symbolic forms, contrasts of light illuminate Picasso's violent protest against war. *Special import* **2.98**

P-264. PARTRIDGE PANEL. A glowing example of Russian folk art has been expertly silk-screened onto a special, handmade rice paper in deep, clear tones of blue-green, aquamarine, pale blue, yellow-greens and shades of yellow. A handsome decorator item that will enhance any room. 12" high x 39" wide. *Special* **2.98**

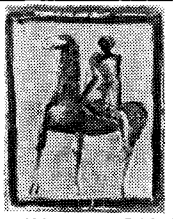
P-282. PICASSO: *TWO SATYRS AND GOAT.* This lighthearted scene in blues, greens, tan, black and white has been superbly silk-screened from a linoleum block done in 1959. Heavy rag stock; 18" high x 21¾" wide. *Special* **2.98**



P-325. MIRO: *DOG BARKING AT THE MOON.* Miro's compelling world of deep brown earth and black sky, with dog, moon, cosmic ladder leading nowhere, in yellow, blue, brick red, dark green, violet and white. 20" x 25". **2.98**

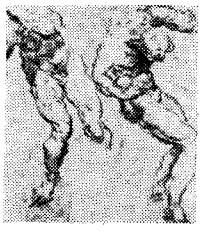


P-226. *MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.* This decorative panel of medieval lutes, harps and zithers in metallic gold, outlined in rich wood-brown, with a metallic gold border, has been silk-screened onto a handmade, white rice paper. A handsome and unusual conversation piece for your home. 9½" high x 32" wide picture area. *Special* **2.98**



P-350. MARINI: *THE RIDER.* Blue-grey horse and rider captured in dazzling linear vitality, lined in black, against a muted red background, with red and brown border; silk-screen on a 23" x 30" sheet. *Special* **2.98**

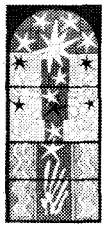
P-324. *CHERUBS JOUSTING ON HOBBY HORSES.* A magnificent French lace pattern, ca. 1545, of six lively cherubs playing at being knights and dragon-slayers, in deep blue and burnished gold silkscreened on imported, handmade rice paper. 10" high x 33" wide plus margin. **2.98**



P-349. TINTORETTO: FIGURE STUDY. Silk-screen of a black chalk drawing on background of grayed shades of blues, yellows, greens. 20" x 23" on a 23" x 30" sheet. *Special* **2.98**

P-232. REMBRANDT: *ARISTOTLE CONTEMPLATING THE BUST OF HOMER.* With frame 26½" x 25½". 8 lbs. No C.O.D. No shipments outside U.S.A. Plus shipping charge; shipped express collect. *Orig. $19.50. Only* **9.95**

P-309. Same as above without frame or booklet. *Special* **2.98**

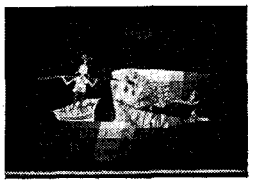


P-323. MATISSE: *NUIT DE NOEL.* One of Matisse's most famous stained glass window designs, dated 1951, in brilliant green, yellow, blue, black, white and magenta. 13" x 29" on a 23" x 35" sheet. **2.98**

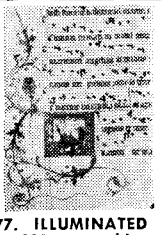
P-331. KLEE: *LANDSCAPE WITH YELLOW BIRDS.* Fantasy landscape, trees, shrubs, yellow birds in white, blue, earth brown, yellow and dark green on a black background. Silk-screen. 34" x 23". **2.98**

P-278. ILLUMINATED LETTER. Serigraph of a 1487 music manuscript on parchment paper. Letter illuminated with the Birth of the Virgin in green, red, yellow, metallic gold; blue-purple initial letter. 24" x 17". *Special* **2.98**

P-972. CHINESE HORSE ON SILK. Splendid coal-black charger in metallic gold, olive green and charcoal grey. Silk-screened on off-white. 37" x 29½". *Special* **5.95**



P-865. KLEE: SINBAD THE SAILOR. The famous *Arabian Nights* hero in blues from sky to midnight, highlighted with vivid pinks, marigold, red, white, black and warm orange. Silk screen. 16½" x 23". *Special* **3.95**



P-277. ILLUMINATED LETTER. 500-year old music manuscript in blue, red and yellow on black and gold background, framed by the letter U in green. 24" x 17"; silk-screened on parchment paper. *Special* **2.98**

P-739. FRIEZE FROM A CHINESE TOMB. Silk screen in red pigment of a priceless Chinese stone rubbing over 2,000 years old, capturing every mark and scar of the Chang Dynasty stone. 15" high x 52" wide. *Very special* **2.98**

P-815. SAHARA ROCK PAINTING. One of the most beautiful of the magnificent prehistoric Tassili rock frescoes, only recently discovered in the Sahara. Cattle in greens, browns, purples and reds against a soft beige background. Silk-screen; 42" x 14". *Special* **5.95**

P-824. KLEE: BIRD GARDEN. A delightful arrangement of red and white birds among plants of pale and medium blues, blue-green and green, set off by the yellow and tan gate and rich red-brown background. Silk-screen. 17" x 23¾". *Special* **2.98**

P-736. MATISSE MURALS. Two late works, *Snow Flowers* and *Vegetables*, each 35½" x 14". White flowers against green, orange, maroon, beige. Vegetables in white, green, yellow, blue. Silk-screen. *The pair, special* **3.98**

P-808. DEER BY RIVER. A golden screen painting from the 19th-century Japanese Toca School, magnificently reproduced by silk screen in shades of soft brown and white and glittering metallic gold, depicting a buck and two fawns, some foliage and a stream set against a vast expanse of golden sky. 20" x 35". *Special* **2.98**

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THE REPORTER
660 Madison Avenue
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CORRESPONDENCE

THE GOLDWATER BANDWAGON

Of the first two of "The Reporter's Notes" for June 18, the second one, on the responsibility and obligation of the networks to avoid forecasting winners in elections before the polls are closed, is an admirable statement regarding the duty of the news media in this society. I find it interesting, though, that in your own remarks preceding this item, you have used an almost equally powerful public-opinion swayer—your magazine—to tell us a month ahead of time that there is nothing to be gained now in opposing the nomination of Senator Barry Goldwater.

The examples used in the second note clearly show that computers can be proven wrong, thanks to that uncomputable human element. If computers can be wrong, then presumably so can men.

DAVID VAN DER LAAN
Denver

To the Editor: You have comfortably defined the senator's ("undefinable") concepts as giving a "'No' . . . to any other way of dealing with Communism than by crushing it in a total military victory." Not true at all! What drives the press to such popular but inaccurate and unfair notions? Mr. Goldwater advocates not military war for victory, but rather a concentrated economic and psychological retaliation to the mounting Soviet counterparts. The word "fight" has not in the past and should not now or in the future necessarily mean "war." Are you saying that our system of government and our people are incapable of fighting and overcoming with barrages of our mighty industry and battalions of our sacred principles? Mr. Goldwater advocates concentrated combat on the ideological plane.

JOHN LEAL
Nogales, Arizona

To the Editor: This upsurge of the American people toward Senator Goldwater means that they are tired of treason in Washington; tired of having our country run by Khrushchev and his Kremlin gang of murderers; tired of the Eisenhowers, the Warrens, the Nixons, the Kennedys, the Johnsons, the Dirksens, and all that class of renegade politicians who under both labels call themselves "Democrats" or "Republicans," when every intelligent man knows they are working under cover to destroy the Constitution and our American way of life.

This Communist herd is now out to destroy Goldwater by the technique of lies, suppression of the truth, ridicule, buying up delegates and votes, stealing them or by any other crooked means, since they will stoop to the most nefarious acts to destroy any real American such as Mr. Goldwater; and Eisenhower is the leader of this gang of galoots.

But the trend now is away from Communism and toward Americanism. And since I happen to be an American, an honest, intelligent, humble, self-reliant citizen who is neither rich, highly influential, nor powerful, I will have to say to you, Mr. Ascoli, you may discontinue my *Reporter* upon its expiration.

W. G. MONTGOMERY
Chatham, Illinois

To the Editor: In your "Note" on "The Goldwater Bandwagon," no mention was made of one very large element of the senator's support—emotional women attracted to his undeniable sex appeal. I have had several interesting conversations with volunteers in the Goldwater headquarters here, in which I tried to elicit some intelligent discussion of his qualifications. The whole basis upon which these women tried to enlist my support was summed up in their enraptured comments on how charming and manly the senator is—especially on a horse.

When I expressed some doubt about his qualifications for the Presidency, one dear little woman drew herself up proudly and said, with great fervor, "I am the wife of a naval officer." Somehow that was apparently supposed to cinch the case for "our dear Barry."

God bless America!

ELIZABETH B. THURSTON
Los Angeles

LBJ AND RFK

To the Editor: *The Reporter* is printing some of the better fiction these days. The best yet is "How LBJ Got the Nomination" by Philip Potter in the June 18 issue. Of course in publishing it, the editors decided—presumably—to test the gullibility of the readers. Imagine asking Robert Kennedy, who would give his eyeteeth to be Vice-President, if he ever said one bad word about Lyndon Johnson! Of

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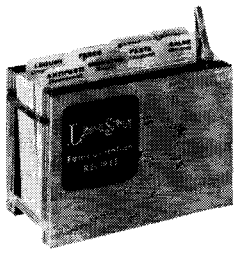

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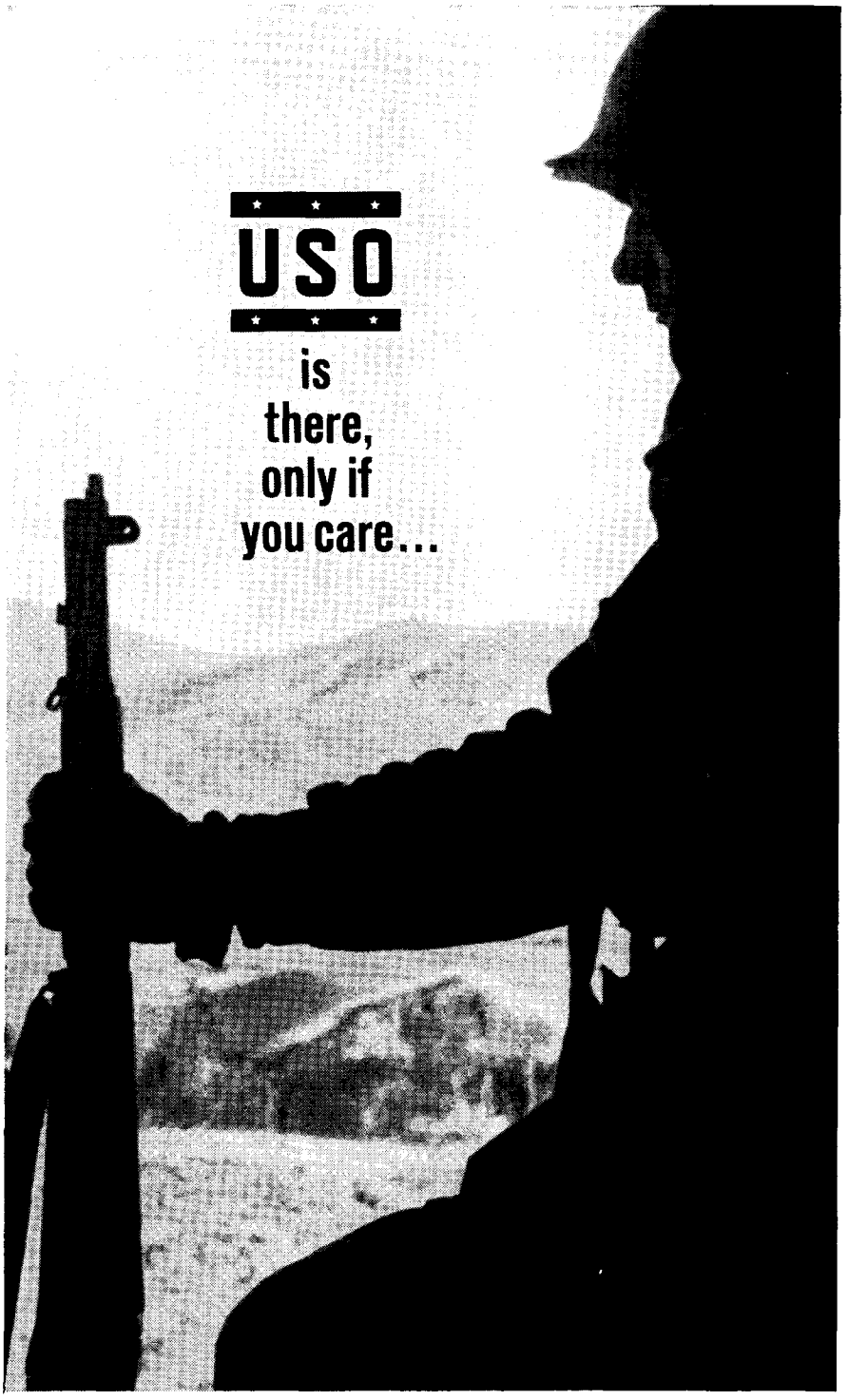

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LIFE STRIKING COUNCIL PUBLIC SERVICE

course he didn't! Why, it never entered his head!

Imagine also, while we are entering the world of fantasy, asking the President of the United States if he really has any basis for disliking the brother of the late President Kennedy! Of course he hasn't! Why, such an idea never entered his head!

One little gem, which indicates the talent for pure invention that characterizes the whole piece, is the following: "Governor Collins thereupon ended the roll call and called for 'ayes' and 'nays.' He decided that the former outnumbered a few scattered negatives by the required margin [two-thirds] and declared Johnson the convention's choice for Vice-President."

To anyone who was there at the convention, as I was, or who heard the proceedings over television, the roar of 'noes' that went up was so obvious and indeed so equal in volume to the 'ayes' that onlookers laughed and hooted when Governor Collins announced, "The 'ayes' have it!"

As one who has written extensively on Vice-Presidential nominations, especially that of John Tyler in 1840 and Henry Wallace in 1940, I say that Philip Potter's piece is pure fiction. It is a prime sample of "managed history."

HUGH RUSSELL FRASER
Atlanta

CONTROLLING COMMERCIALS

To the Editor: Daniel Rapoport's article (*The Reporter*, June 4) on the recent controversy in the House of Representatives over the possibility of Federal Communications Commission regulation of the frequency and duration of commercials in broadcasting was most incisive. It represented a very fair exposition of the thinking on both sides of this issue and *The Reporter* is to be congratulated.

I wish more responsible publications would devote space to the discussion of significant problems of this nature. Such discussion is critically needed in our society. I, for one, have never advocated an end to commercial television but I strongly advocate a responsibility, a sense of proportion, and good taste. If the broadcasters fail to correctly appraise the public temper, they are due for a rude shock in the near future. It is my firm conviction that the intrusion of commercials in broadcasting has reached the limits which the public will tolerate and that regulation is bound to set in sooner or later unless broadcasting puts its own house in order.

JOHN E. MOSS
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

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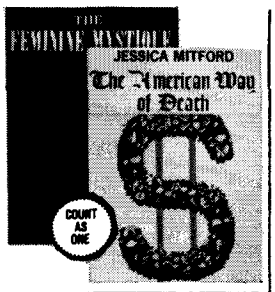

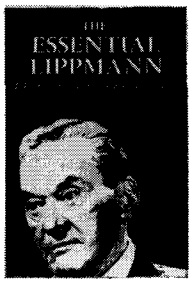

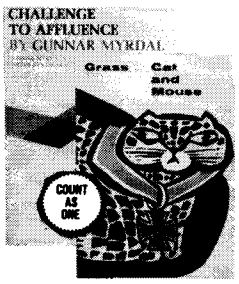

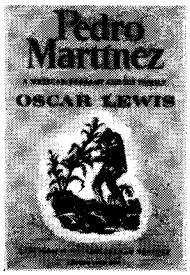

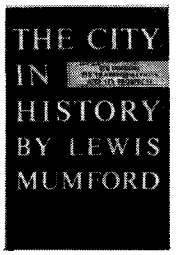

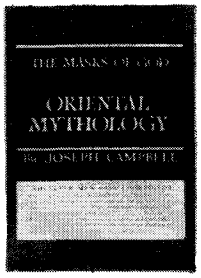

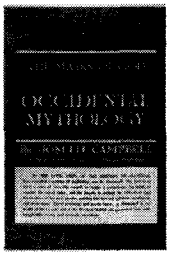

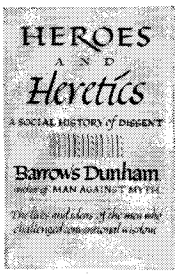

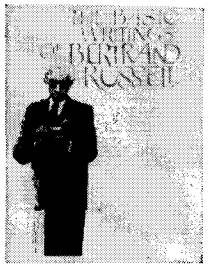

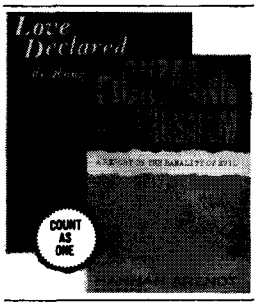

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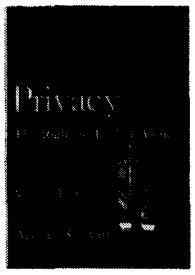

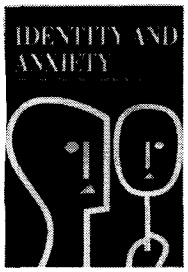

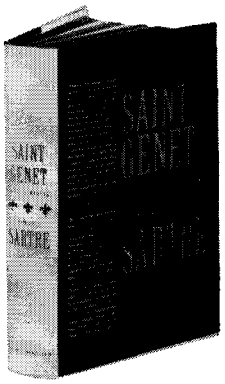

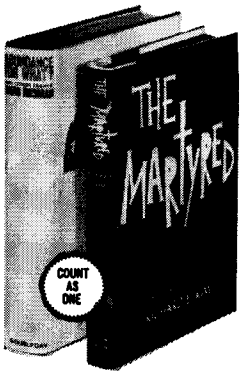

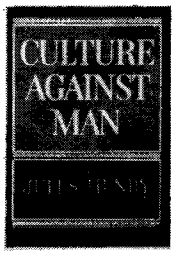

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Two Heads

A few weeks ago, when the Republican leadership declared that Southeast Asia was a major campaign issue, it charged the administration with "schizophrenia." The Critical Issues Council of the Republican Citizens Committee, headed by Milton S. Eisenhower, asserted that the administration was seeking "to compromise with Communist aggression in some countries of the area while trying to promote active defense in others." If allowed to continue, such policies "might well undermine the U.S. position throughout the world."

But the administration started talking tough. And the unprecedented appointment of both a military and a civilian ambassador to Saigon suggested that Washington was indeed prepared to initiate a vigorous policy. President Johnson warned that "when necessary" the United States would not hesitate "to risk war" in pursuit of its aims. Secretary Rusk, in an off-the-record luncheon statement that was later leaked to the press, compared our commitment in Southeast Asia to our stand in Berlin and also warned that the United States was prepared to take on China and North Vietnam in defense of the area. The American public, the allies, and our Communist opponents—particularly those in Peking and Hanoi—had been told clearly where we stood.

It did not remain clear for long. Less than two weeks after his background luncheon, Secretary Rusk came up with some second thoughts. Peace, he explained at a press conference, "is not obtained by going and looking for war." On the other hand, it cannot be achieved by "acquiescence to aggression." Well then, how do we achieve it? Peace, said Mr. Rusk, "ought to be possible in Southeast Asia without any extension of the fighting."

The appointment of a top general and a top diplomat to pursue the same aims with the same self-imposed limitations as before may thus mean only that schizophrenia has been both heightened and institutionalized.

Part of the Way with LBJ

Between them, President Lyndon B. Johnson and Senator Barry Goldwater have raised more than $4 million for the Democratic Party since spring. The President's role has been to attend $100-a-plate dinners preceded by $1,000-a-couple parties in cities all around the country. The senator's role has been to help provide the guests.

In both Minneapolis and Detroit, local Democrats estimate that about a quarter of those who paid $1,000 to take their cheer with the President were disaffected Republicans, some of whom even attended the more party-oriented $100 dinners. Walker Cisler, chairman of the board of the Detroit Edison Company, John Gordon, president of General Motors, and E. C. Quinn, vice-president of Chrysler, were among those who attended the recent Democratic dinner in Detroit's Cobo Hall, where they were treated to the sight of Henry Ford II and Walter Reuther joining in the merriment at the head table, the one ten places to the left of President and Mrs. Johnson and the other ten places to their right.

Since he became President, Lyndon Johnson has traveled to nine-

TO OUR READERS

Two nonconsecutive issues of *The Reporter* are dropped from the publishing schedule each summer. Accordingly, after this July 16 issue your next copy will be dated August 13. That will be followed by the September 10 issue, and our regular fortnightly schedule will be resumed.

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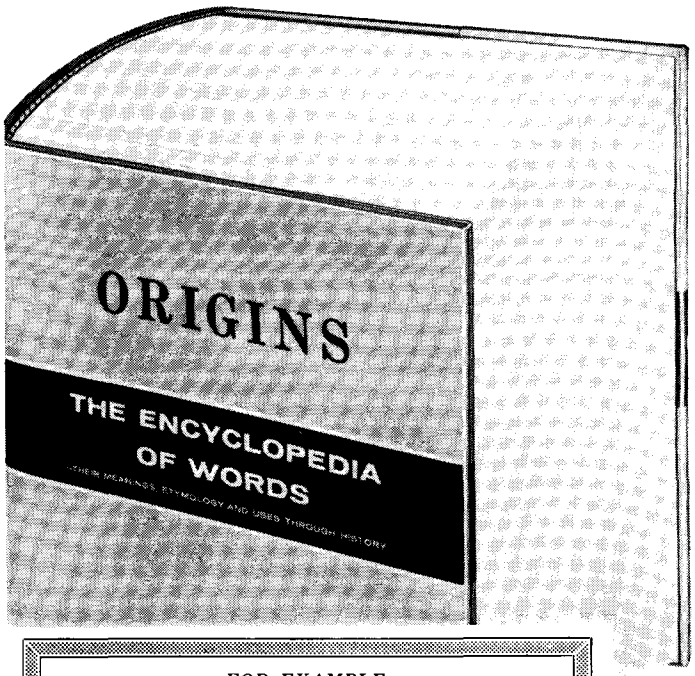

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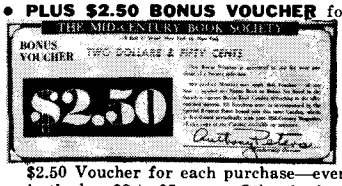

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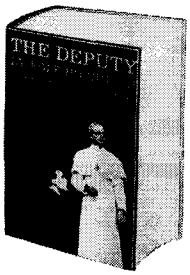

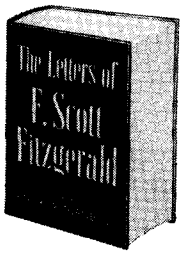

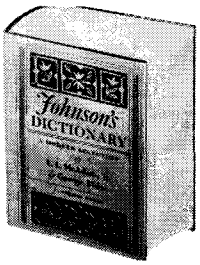

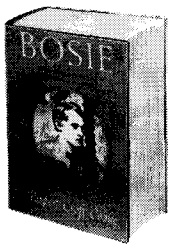

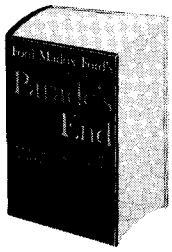

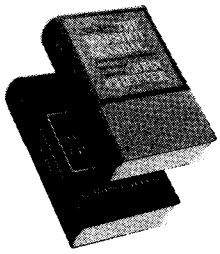

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Acrostician—

C. S. FORESTER

teen states, including at least ten trips to New York. He has set out to do much more than collect money on these journeys. In addition to fund-raising events, there have been commencement addresses, convention appearances, facility inspections, and the poverty tours—separately or in various combinations. His recent visit to Minnesota is an example. It began when a local Democrat got the idea of inviting Johnson to Svenskarnas Dag, the annual Swedish Day celebration in Minneapolis's Minnehaha Park. The idea was communicated to members of the Minnesota Congressional delegation in Washington, who thereupon invited the President to attend and further suggested that he also attend the convention of the Democratic Farmer-Labor Party in St. Paul, which was scheduled to endorse Senator Eugene McCarthy for reelection. The White House responded with interest and even began to map out a poverty tour (which was canceled) of the northern Minnesota iron range. At some point in all of this, according to Minnesota party workers, Richard Maguire of the Democratic National Committee in Washington emphatically let it be known that the opportunity to "salute" President Johnson was at hand. In an unprecedented response, Minnesota Democrats raised $300,000 at two social events—all of which, reportedly, was left to the Democrats in the state.

THE PRESIDENT clearly has a multiplicity of purposes in mind on these trips, and one of them is to communicate in some relatively direct way with those who are tentatively described in Washington as "the people." Because of Dallas, there is still considerable skittishness and apprehension when, as frequently happens, the Presidential cavalcade comes to an abrupt halt. But ten times out of ten it has meant that the President gave a sudden order to stop so that he could get out and shake hands with well-wishers along the route—an awful lot of whom are children. Usually about thirty reporters, Secret Service men, and local politicians are in his train as he moves swiftly to the fence or guard rail and undertakes to grab the outstretched hands two at a time, as if he were working some enormous multilevered machine.

If there seems something mechanical and even frustrated about these encounters, it is because the apparatus of the Presidency always stands between Johnson and his public. The President of the United States has the aspect of a man under arrest. Any occasion where he is present loses something of its purity and spontaneity simply because he is there. The graduation ceremonies in the President's own high school in Johnson City, Texas, for example, were typical of such unaffected school ceremonies everywhere—from the awards to the school bus drivers for safe driving, to the class history of "treasured thoughts," to the inevitable student pianist hitting more than a few clinkers in her rendition of "The Bells of St. Mary's." But all this was somehow altered by the presence of the White House press, who occupied nearly a fifth of the space in the gymnasium, their lights glaring in the President's face, their cameras grinding, and their typewriters clacking away.

Still, the obstacles are sometimes overcome. The President will depart from a text full of rhetorical questions designed to engage the audience—"Do we stand together on that?" "Will you help us?"—and will suddenly seem to be relaxed and directly engaged with them. In the Midwest he unexpectedly admonished an audience, "Don't go home tonight with a martyr complex, feeling sorry for yourself," and went on to instruct them to count their blessings and start worrying about the "less fortunate" at home and abroad. Another such moment came at the end of the ceremonies in the Johnson City high school when he was presented with a gift and, having risen to thank the class, began to look about the room for his old classmates. "Louise, stand up over there," the President said. "Here is Kitty Clyde. . . . I remember how Louise had to copy my themes and Kitty Clyde had to help me on other things, and somehow we managed. . . . Georgie, are you here? Is John Dolla-

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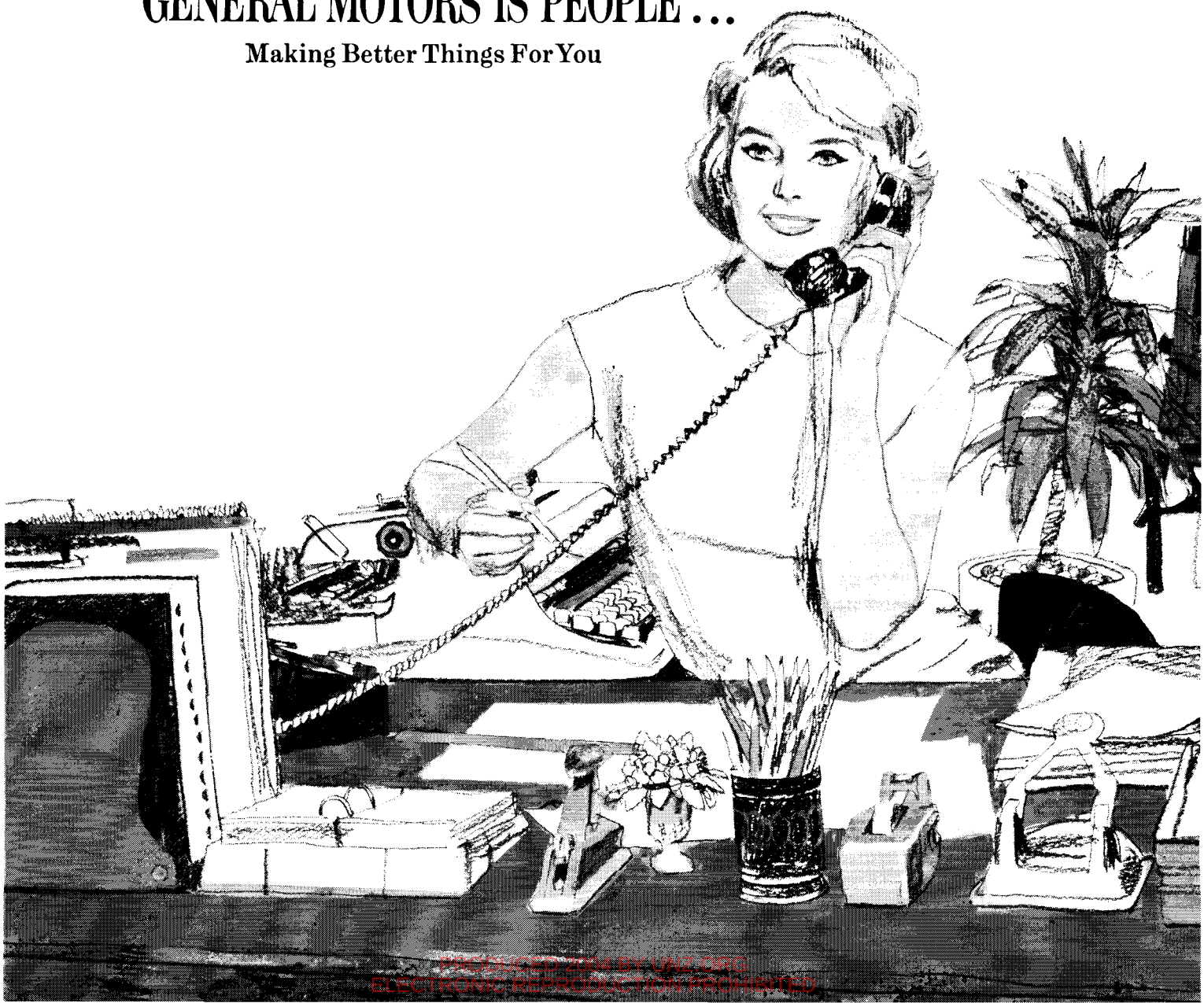

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hite here? John was always shy of the girls."

"ARE YOU a Secret Service man?" a little girl in Minneapolis asked a man who, since he was in fact a Secret Service man, met her awed inquiry with a noncommittal scowl. The President and his entire entourage are invested with incredible glamour on the road, and sometimes people even applaud the press bus as it chugs by. And they go to a lot of trouble to please. In Minnehaha Park, the falls having run dry, the city pumped in water from its hydrants. And in New York, where the waiters who serve at benefit dinners and similar fancy functions are known only for their implacable surliness, a headwaiter was heard to give a pep talk to his crew before a Presidential banquet, assuring them that they had much to be proud of even though they were dealing with the $100 crowd rather than with the $1,000 crowd across the street. "So don't fool around," he concluded.

Whether it is a Midwest chorus of eighty Shriners singing "Honey" to the First Lady or an ordinarily hip New York audience rising belatedly at the unfamiliar strains of "The Eyes of Texas" or a high-school class giving the President a tie clip, wherever Johnson goes people seem determined to prove to the President not only that he is welcome but that they themselves are the nicest and most loyal people in the land. Beyond that, there is a sense of the singularity of the moment and of an opportunity to be seen and heard by the President. Signs, sometimes with incomprehensible longhand messages, sprout along his route. In Detroit a civil-rights group massed outside Cobo Hall to chant "No more fire hose, no more nightstick." In New York the folk singer Joan Baez prefaced her songs with a declaration, "Mr. President, I am a young liberal Democrat," adding that she and her friends were encouraged by "some" of the things he had done.

How much does the President really hear? How much can he hear? The perspectives of host and guest on these occasions are sadly different. The stylish ladies of the "Presidents Club" are no sooner bidden good-night than the Puerto Rican moppets appear, madly cheering in the neon light on Ninth Avenue. They in turn are left behind for the stag barbecue outside Austin where a hundred and fifty Texas business friends await the Presidential helicopter with a painting of a beagle. There are the rowdy convention halls, the eternally sprinkled suburbs, the knot of people waving from a bridge. There is "Hail to the Chief" and more "Hail to the Chief." The view is necessarily a panoramic one and the experience cumulative rather than particular. Still, according to Johnson's aides, his travels since he became President have had a tremendous impact on him.

THERE IS probably no way—or there won't be until November—to measure Johnson's own impact on the crowds. The size of a turnout, the number of interruptions to applaud a speech, the fat cats on a guest list—all are useful but deceptive indices. The question remains as to how much of the response is to Johnson and how much to the Presidency. Johnson's aim is to make the two synonymous, of course, to fashion a role as "President of all the people." His message doesn't often vary. He calls for national unity and an end to animosity. He tells the people what they are "for" and they are complimented—"Minnesota believes in human rights," "The West prefers courage to cowardice." He recounts the progress that has been made for the people by the Democrats and then, in language far less dressy than Kennedy used, he tells them to shape up, stressing the challenges and the tasks ahead and asking them to make a sacrifice.

It is never quite clear whether Lyndon Johnson is asking them or telling them. He has assumed the role of President on these travels, and when he borrowed a line from "The Eyes of Texas" to remind a graduating class in Austin of the country's responsibilities and theirs, he could also have been speaking of his own locomotive efforts to impose his Presidency and his programs on the people. He said: "You cannot get away."

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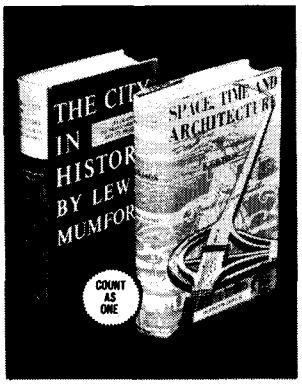

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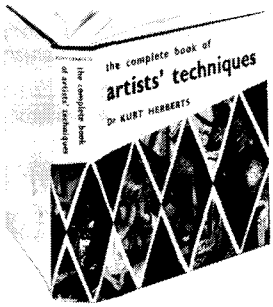

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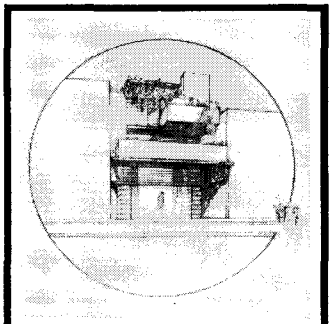

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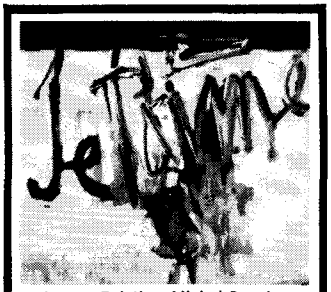

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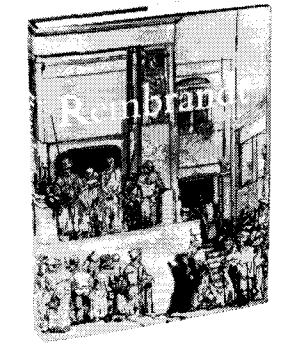

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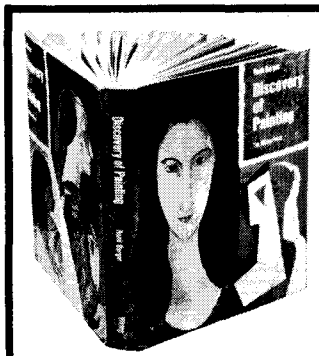

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And Now Enforcement

THERE HAS BEEN much talk lately about the wizardry of king-making pollsters, as if politics had become an exact science. Yet seldom has the role of accidents been so decisive in our national life. These accidents may be the foul deed of a deranged mind or of cowardly fanatics. The instant, universal attention that highlights such bloody events multiplies their impact immensely. We are still in the cycle that was opened with the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

On the race front, we know that horrible things are going to happen, for horrible things have already happened. The national government knows it better than anyone and, indeed, it has been for the purpose of ultimately bringing to a close the cycle of accidents and violence that the civil-rights legislation was passed. We all know that the enactment of the law will be followed by new outbursts of violence. But the goal has been set, the nation's destiny has been mortgaged, and at the end this time there must be peace. The South, indeed the whole country, cannot go through another round of Emancipation, Reconstruction, and then renewed oppression.

To be attained, racial equality demands something more than the backing of a relentless power of law enforcement. It requires voluntary compliance from an ever-increasing number of citizens of both races, North and South. In itself, the idea that has been made into law is profoundly divisive: it aims at bringing about a radical change in the legal traditions of the South and in various social customs of the whole nation. An equitable relationship between black and white can prove enduring only if the ethical attitude between men of the two races is brought to a level of reciprocal respect.

Equality is only a formal legal concept if it does not recognize itself in brotherhood, at least on some meaningful and recurrent occasions, such as at election time or inside a church. Both races in the South have long shared the same religion, and the sameness of faith must now be lived, not just preached. It's an unusual thing for an act of Congress to have to find its ultimate legitimacy in the ethical realm. It's also an exceedingly risky undertaking because of the danger that antagonistic bias may be embittered in the South and expanded, like an evil contagion, to the rest of the country. We must be proud of our President and of our Congress for the risk they have taken with the future of the nation and their faith in its people.

But again, the government, with all its organs of law enforcement and persuasion, cannot do the whole job of eradicating racial malice. It must rely on its citizens, on the capacity of each one to act to the best of his ability according to the ethical aims the law implies but which cannot possibly be reached by legal means alone. As always, there will be the indifferent, the lazy, and the lawless. This is a particularly difficult emergency since everyone should act both on his own inner self and in the groups to which he happens to belong. Some trace of prejudice is in every one of us. It can be against Negroes or against white Southerners. The best way to correct our feelings is to realize the unfair fallacy of these wholesale assumptions.

Unquestionably, because of their economic and cultural backwardness, the Negroes need assistance from the public agencies and confidence on the part of men of good will. The fact that there are people blinded by bigotry among white Southerners in no way authorizes the conclusion that this condition is bound to remain incurable for the men of the whole region. Hasn't each of us known white Southerners who have outgrown the narrow, stale outlook of their original environment? One of them is our President.

True, there are too many haters on both sides. There are people who have made of hatred a seemingly indestructible habit and sometimes a profession. The most obnoxious among the professionals, black and white, are those who, endowed with some power of expression, become the advocates and prophets of hopeless enmity. Under the influence of some of the most literate haters who happen to be Negro, a queer, torturing cult of ancestral guilt has become fashionable in some sections of white society—particularly unfortunate since there is so much work of human reconciliation to be done, step by step, from the present into a long stretch of the foreseeable future, that no energy should be wasted in excoriation of the past.

YES, the months and the years ahead are going to subject us to rough tests. For the ethical renewal that is demanded of the country, it would have been more appropriate to have saints as a source of inspiration and guidance rather than politicians. But lacking saints, these politicians, in the White House and in Congress, have given us the example, and are entitled to our gratitude and obedience.

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The Politics of Cloture

ELIZABETH BRENNER DREW

THE SPECTATORS who jammed into the Senate galleries on June 10 knew perfectly well what they were going to see. The brief pageant that was played out before them may even have seemed anticlimactic. Until a few days before, however, the Senate vote to end the Southern filibuster against the civil-rights bill had been anything but a foregone conclusion.

When the bill as passed by the House landed in the Senate last February, the leadership had little reason to hope for cloture. Never in its history had the Senate voted to end a civil-rights filibuster, and it had little stomach for using the cloture rule under any circumstances. The Senate was, after all, the last forum of free debate, and what senator could be sure that two-thirds of his colleagues might not do likewise unto him some day? In addition to Southerners and some allies from border states, the holdouts included a number of Republicans, with the biggest group from the West. Many of these men had no compelling reasons to interest themselves in the civil-rights issue, and were opposed to expansion of Federal power in any event. Unless a number of them supported cloture, however, the required sixty-seven votes (if all one hundred senators voted) could not be mustered.

The leadership was not in a position to give away parts of the bill in order to bring the recalcitrants around. House Republicans responsible for passage in that body were issuing statements that they hadn't gone out on a limb only to have it sawed off behind them, and the bill had better be kept intact. Moveover, it was understood that President Johnson was determined to prove his credentials to Northern liberals and could not afford a compromise of any magnitude. At the center of things stood Minority Leader Everett McKinley Dirksen, saying that he was all for giving Negroes equal access to public accommodations and jobs but he just didn't like the idea of Federal enforcement. Dirksen's position gladdened the hearts of his conservative colleagues and gave the Southerners hope. Taking stock of the situation, Majority Whip Hubert H. Humphrey decided that a number of fronts had to be covered: the Senate liberals had to be organized, the Senate atmosphere had to be kept calm, the lines to Dirksen had to be kept open, and the uncommitted votes had to be hooked.

A COMMUNICATIONS system was set up to alert the pro-civil-rights senators so that a quorum could be quickly mustered when demanded by Southerners. Senators who wanted to be out of town had to clear it with Humphrey. Determined not to let the Southerners dominate the news, Humphrey and Minority Whip Thomas H. Kuchel of California appointed a "captain" from each party to debate the Southerners on each of the major titles of the bill. They also hoped that the captain system would extend and strengthen commitment to the bill. With no civil-rights groups worth mentioning in the rural states, the best way to reach the senators who would make the difference on the cloture vote was through the clergy. The 1963 March on Washington had demonstrated the seriousness of the churches' interest in the civil-rights issue. For the Senate fight, their Washington representatives worked with the civil-rights groups that formed the

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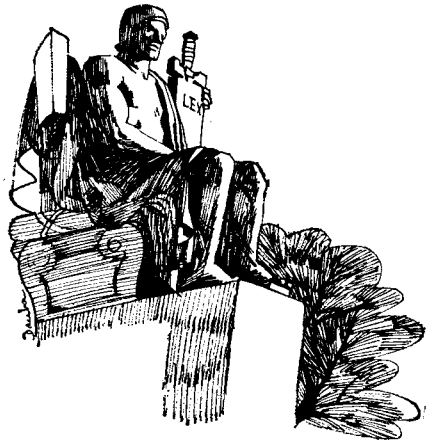
Leadership Conference on Civil Rights. All the civil-rights lobbyists met with Humphrey and the other Senate civil-rights leaders twice a week. The appropriate local clergy of, say, Nebraska would be notified that a sermon on the bill the next Sunday might not be amiss. Then, for example, Carl T. Curtis and Roman L. Hruska, Nebraska's Republican senators, might receive thousands of letters (or identical postcards) by Tuesday urging them to support the bill. The cumulative effect of this may not have made the Nebraskans staunch supporters of the bill, but they certainly could no longer afford to ignore the issue. This was what the leadership wanted. From time to time, delegations of church leaders went to Washington to see their senators. The traffic in Dirksen's office was so thick for a while that he complained of the "preachers" swarming all over the place, and the effort threatened to backfire.

If the leadership was happy to see men of the cloth come to Washington, it was just as happy to keep civil-rights demonstrators away. Demonstrations, leading to counter-demonstrations, leading to rising Senate anger, were the last thing the leadership wanted. This is one of the reasons that it avoided all-night sessions or other dramatic confrontations. It was Humphrey's considered opinion that the less opportunity senators had to get riled at civil-rights groups, anti-civil-rights groups, or each other, the more likely was adoption of cloture and passage of a strong bill.

A Niche for Ev

The strategy also required that every opportunity be given to Dirksen to be the hero. As one leadership aide said, "We are carving out that statesman's niche and bathing it with blue lights and hoping that Dirksen will find it irresistible to step into it." The Minority Leader's early moves gave no cause for joy to the civil-rights forces. He was particularly outraged that Title VII, providing Federal enforcement of fair employment practices, was in the bill. President Kennedy had promised him that no FEPC would be in the administration bill, said Dirksen, "and he kept his word." Actually, Title VII had been added in the House to give the Senate something to kill without hurting other parts of the bill. Minority Leader Charles A. Halleck of Indiana had told unhappy Republicans not to worry—it would never survive the Senate. But now President Johnson was demanding the entire bill.

The filibuster began in earnest on March 30. The Senate was kept in session late each evening, but not overnight. This way, the uncommitted senators could not get angry at the leadership for the inconvenience yet would still feel that their time was being wasted by the filibuster. If it dragged out long enough, few could claim that the Southerners had not had enough chance to tell their side of the story. Thus the timing of the cloture vote would be critical.



Meanwhile, Dirksen began preparing his amendments to the bill. There was an indication of trouble to come when Senators Hruska and Norris Cotton (R., New Hampshire) asked to be excused from their roles as floor captains. On April 7, Dirksen presented a series of amendments to Title VII to the Republican Policy Committee headed by Bourke B. Hickenlooper of Iowa, and the next day he discussed them with all Republicans at a party caucus. One of his amendments would have removed all Federal enforcement. Dirksen kept his own counsel on what he wanted done to the public-accommodations section, Title II. On April 21, the Southerners made a move that was to be of major importance. Senator Herman E. Talmadge (D., Georgia) called up an amendment to provide jury trials in all criminal-contempt prosecutions. Three days later, Dirksen and Majority Leader Mike Mansfield of Montana submitted a substitute for the Talmadge amendment. For the first time, Dirksen was plotting strategy with the Democratic leaders. Eight days later, he was threatening the Southerners with cloture on the jury-trial amendments if they didn't let them come to a vote.

In the meantime, Humphrey consulted Dirksen almost daily, inviting him to discuss his amendments with administration leaders. Dirksen continued to say that it wasn't time yet. By playing his waiting game, Dirksen was letting it sink in to the administration forces that the filibuster would not be ended unless the bill was changed, and consolidating his position with the Republicans as the man who would make the changes. Finally on May 5, Dirksen, Humphrey, and Attorney General Robert Kennedy and other Justice Department officials sat down with several other senators and their aides in Dirksen's office to discuss the Republican leader's demands. Thus began a process almost unprecedented in the annals of legislative history. A sort of ad hoc committee of senators with an interest, senators who were friends of the senators with an interest, senators' aides, and Justice Department officials took the place of a regular legislative committee. Some senators drifted in and out of the negotiations; others were pointedly excluded.

WHO DID the drifting was of more than casual interest. Hickenlooper came to the first meeting, left almost immediately, and never returned. Nor did other key uncommitted senators stick around, making it painfully clear that the laborious negotiations might have no effect on them at all. Dirksen was, however, supported by the attendance of Leverett Saltonsall of Massachusetts and George D. Aiken of Vermont, whose stamp of approval could influence Senate Republicans to the left of the Hickenlooper group. But if Dirksen was being eyed suspiciously from his right flank, many liberals were sure that Humphrey would get taken to the cleaners. The Leadership Conference people told him as much on several occasions. Some of

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the civil-rights lobbyists insisted that they should sit in on the negotiations to protect their interests, or at least be given full and detailed reports each day. They were not given satisfaction on either demand. Senators Kenneth B. Keating and Jacob K. Javits of New York were no less unhappy at being excluded from the negotiations. Senator Richard B. Russell of Georgia charged that an unconstitutional "troika" of Kennedy, Humphrey, and Dirksen was riding roughshod over the Senate.

The negotiators themselves weren't even sure they could reach an agreement. At the first meeting, Humphrey and his associates were stunned to find that Dirksen had not just a few changes in Titles II and VII to discuss but some seventy-odd amendments, buttressed by notebooksful of research from his staff, annotated bills, and assorted memoranda. But aides worked out the minor language changes and set out the areas of disagreement for their bosses to settle. All of these were ironed out in a series of meetings until it came down to the bedrock question of the enforcement of Titles II and VII.

Who Got Taken?

Dirksen felt that the House bill was an open invitation to the Attorney General's staff to run all over the country as a sort of legal-aid society, picking and choosing cases at will and jumping into local problems with a force that would not only inflame antagonisms and harass small businessmen. But Justice Department officials emphasized that they had neither the staff nor the interest to try to settle every isolated case of discrimination; it was only possible or desirable for them to move in on areas of hard-core resistance where the Negroes didn't have a chance.

Once the outlines of these differences became clear, the solution was not long in unfolding. One of Dirksen's men suggested writing some language into the bill setting limits on the Attorney General's action. The Justice Department agreed. After more discussion, the idea evolved of letting the Attorney General sue in areas of "massive resistance" and otherwise leaving it up to individuals to fend for themselves. The final agreement, hammered out at the following meeting, was that the Attorney General would sue where there was a "pattern or practice" of discrimination. Individuals with grievances would have to try to get them settled through local machinery, through the newly established Community Relations Service and Equal Employment Opportunities Commission, or, as a last resort, in court. Once the individual filed suit, if the court permitted (and it was believed that most would), the Justice Department could intervene in the proceedings on his side.

Did Dirksen change his mind, or did he suffer a humiliating retreat? The Justice Department and Dirksen aides dismiss both possibilities. "Dirksen came out just about where he went in," according to one of his aides. "It all hinged on his concept that whether a man is admitted to a restaurant or given a job is essentially a local problem, and he didn't like all of the emphasis on Federal intervention in the House bill. When the bill first reached the Senate, the specifics of what he wanted to do hadn't crystallized in his mind. The problem with the negotiations was that they were like labor negotiations. Everyone started out in adversary positions and overstated their cases. It took some time for it to become clear that they really weren't so very far apart."

"You have to remember," said another of Dirksen's associates, "that Illinois runs both north and south of the Mason-Dixon Line. The senator grew up seeing both sides of the question. Dirksen is a man without prejudices, and believes in equal rights, but he also knows how the local people feel when the Federal government shoves something down their throats."

Some press reports implied that it was Dirksen who had been taken to the cleaners. Southerners took out their dismay at the results of the negotiations by taunting him. Dirksen was unconcerned. "Dick Russell says that the Attorney General has nailed up my skin on the barn door to dry," he told reporters. "Well, nobody has hung up my conscience and my sense of history to dry."

Now Dirksen had to take the package and collect the support of the men who would make the cloture breakthrough—"Dirksen's Bombers," he called them. On May 19 the Republicans began a series of caucuses in which the changes were gone over line by line. Hickenlooper and his group sat in relative silence. The one Democratic caucus also went pretty smoothly, although there were some complaints that Dirksen was getting too much of the credit, and Sam J. Ervin, Jr., of North Carolina arose from time to time to shout that the whole thing was just plain unconstitutional.

Hickenlooper's Salient

The plan now was for Humphrey and Dirksen to explain the changes in detail on the Senate floor during the last week of May, allow debate on them during the following week, and have the cloture vote on June 9. Several senators in the swing group were beginning to say that the talk had gone on long enough and it was time to vote.

Aware that they were only two or three votes shy of the needed sixty-seven, the Humphrey-Dirksen forces decided it was time to schedule the vote. They figured that the way to get the last few they needed was to present them with the fact, not the theoretical situation, of having to vote. It was a gamble. Losing the cloture vote would mean more significant concessions. It was for this reason that the leaders had been holding off the vote and resisting suggestions that there be "trial" cloture votes to isolate those who were still holding out. They reasoned that such tests would only strengthen the bargaining power of the holdouts.

Suddenly the fortunes of the leadership took a critical turn for the worse. Dirksen fell ill and had to spend a good part of the week at home. Senator Barry Goldwater's victory in the June 2 California primary gave the conservatives new heart. And Hickenlooper, who had been brooding in the background, decided to strike.

An open split between Dirksen and Hickenlooper had been in the making for some time. Hickenlooper's Republican Policy Committee, which had been a potent instrument in the hands of the late Styles Bridges of New Hampshire, became eclipsed with the death of Bridges and the rise of Dirk-

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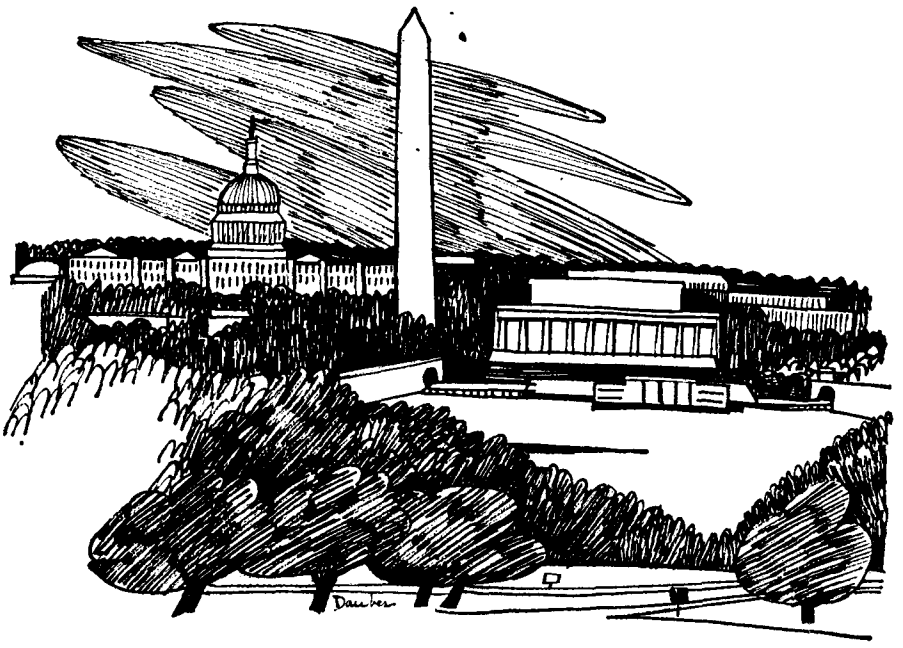
sen. He and Hickenlooper have parted ways on several major issues in the past, such as the 1963 test-ban treaty. The splits often left Hickenlooper and his fellow conservatives standing in the shadows while Dirksen rode forth into glory, proclaimed a hero for rescuing the Kennedy administration from defeat.

Now Dirksen was at it again: paying far too little heed to the conservatives' complaints about the civil-rights bill, hobnobbing with Bobby Kennedy, and dominating the center of the stage. It was the last straw for the Hickenlooper group when Dirksen came out of the negotiations with a compromise that made hardly a dent in the bill's regulation of business. With Dirksen absent, Hickenlooper began a series of secret meetings to chip away at Dirksen's collection of Republican votes for cloture. Several senators who had been indicating that they would support cloture began to backslide—Karl E. Mundt of South Dakota, Hruska, Cotton, Curtis, Len B. Jordan of Idaho, and Jack R. Miller of Iowa. One of the Hickenlooper group went to Humphrey and told him, "You may think that Dirksen is going to produce the votes for cloture, but he's not."

"We have real trouble," Dirksen reported to Humphrey. It was at this moment, Humphrey has recalled, that he was most doubtful about the outcome.



To make matters worse, the Southerners decided that it was time for sweet reasonableness. They would be happy, they announced, to proceed with some voting. But the Northerners weren't ready, and with no small embarrassment they had to face the charge of "anti-filibuster-filibuster" and hold off the voting. In a face-saving gesture, Humphrey said he would accept the Southern offer if the gentlemen from Dixie would make an over-all agreement covering all voting on the bill. The gentlemen declined. Nevertheless, some of the Republican holdouts began to grumble that there was no reason to vote for cloture when it was the Northerners who were preventing voting. Panic began to spread in the leadership ranks.

Then Hickenlooper made his first overt move. Rising on the Senate floor on Friday afternoon, June 5, he asked for separate votes on three amendments, covering jury trials, fair employment practices, and Federal funds to help desegregate schools. "I speak for approximately twenty senators on this side of the aisle," he said pointedly. Humphrey asked for a delay until the following day before responding to the request. By the next day, Humphrey and Dirksen had turned the Hickenlooper show of strength into their own weapon. One at a time, they picked off his followers by agreeing to go along with the Hickenlooper request if they, in turn, would go along with cloture. And enough private agreements were struck to put over the cloture vote. By that afternoon, the leadership knew it was all in the bag. The votes on the amendments in the Hickenlooper request were set for Monday and Tuesday, and the cloture vote for Wednesday, June 10. All that was left was to keep the cloture votes nailed down.

And Four to Spare

During those last days, all of the ultimate weapons, some of them still secret, were wheeled out. Representatives of Indian tribes called on Mundt. Nevada steelworkers called on Howard Cannon (D., Nevada), a traditional holdout against cloture who fears that some day the Senate may want to outlaw gambling and he will want to protest at length. The fine hand of Lyndon B. Johnson could be discerned here and there. Just before the cloture vote, Carl Hayden (D., Arizona), another traditional holdout (but for a filibuster, Arizona might be part of New Mexico and Hayden, his state's first senator, still a sheriff), wrote to Johnson that he would help if needed. Only a few days before that, Hayden had told the President that he could not go back on his thirty-year friendship with Dick Russell. And Senator J. Howard Edmondson (D., Oklahoma), still a holdout though already defeated in a primary bid for re-election, was somehow persuaded to come around. Exactly how much pressure Johnson put on whom and how is one of the best-guarded secrets of the whole cloture drama. But one thing is clear: Richard Russell, chairman of the Armed Services Committee and next in line to succeed the aged Hayden on the Appropriations Committee, knows enough about who wants what to take quite a few tricks when he needs them; and the only man in a position to outbid him is his old friend Lyndon Johnson.

When it was all over, the count was 71-29—four more than necessary, even without the help of Hayden, who hung back in the cloakroom until his ninety-nine colleagues had voted and he knew the score. Then the old man, leaning on his walking stick, came in to honor Richard Russell with a gesture that could no longer help him. Democrats had pro-

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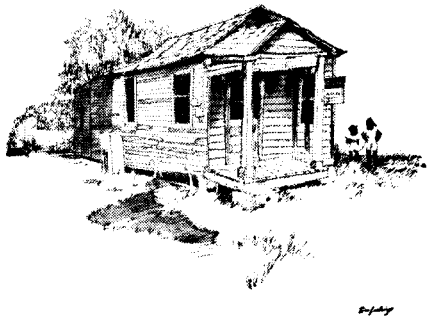
duced forty-four votes for cloture, Republicans twenty-seven—two more than was considered necessary from each side.

THE Southerners' own strategy must be given its proper share of credit for producing this lopsided margin. "The biggest mistake they made," Humphrey said later, "was to go for broke. . . . If they had called up amendments in the beginning when we didn't know how things would turn out, there is no question that they could have made serious inroads on this bill. But instead they held out, hoping we would fail on cloture, and then have to deal with them." And yet, judging from the past, Russell had every reason to believe that the liberals would never stick together. He had also expected Dirksen to exact a higher price from the Justice Department, and he was not alone in thinking that the negotiations might fail or that the Republican conservatives would never go along with the Dirksen package. "Dick Russell just couldn't believe that so many of his friends would desert him," said one Southern staff man.

The ultimate irony in the Southern defeat may have been provided by George Wallace. His showing in the primaries gave rise to Southern hopes that the strength of the "white backlash" would give pause to more Northern senators than it did. And his strength in the South stiffened the Southern senators' spines. Wallace considers his state's two senators, Lister Hill and John Sparkman, far too liberal for his taste, and he may be after Sparkman's scalp when he comes up for re-election in 1966. Other Southern senators were anxious to keep Wallace's neo-Dixiecrat movement off of their states' ballots in November. It seemed to at least some of the Southerners that the only way to meet the challenge was to out-Wallace Wallace and keep their anti-civil-rights records simon pure. Most of them believed that a fight-to-the-finish resistance would be more acceptable to the voters back home than legislative niggling. And so they stuck by the strategy that failed. As one Southern senator's aide put it, "If it hadn't been for George Wallace, this would have been a weaker bill."



A Recollection Of Michael Schwerner

RICHARD WOODLEY

THIS SPRING it was apparent that the community center for Negroes in Meridian, Mississippi, was developing its programs more quickly, with less harassment from city officials, than any other civil-rights office in the state. Michael Schwerner, twenty-four, and his wife Rita, twenty-two, Congress of Racial Equality members from New York City, set up the center last January as part of the statewide Mississippi Summer Project being run by the Council of Federated Organizations, COFO—a consolidation of CORE, NAACP, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee in Mississippi.

In other towns around the state—Hattiesburg, Greenwood, Canton, Ruleville—civil-rights workers were facing steady harassment from police, but Meridian was different—quieter, Schwerner said. Mississippi's second largest city (pop. 50,000), it even has an unofficial biracial committee. "We're actually pretty lucky here," Schwerner told me one warm and sunny April day as he tilted himself back in his chair. "I think they're going to leave us alone."

The address is 2505½ Fifth Street, in a shabby Negro commercial area near the center of town. Schwerner and his wife took over five dingy rooms—former doctors' offices on the second floor above Meridian's only Negro drugstore. They built bookcases along the walls, sewed long blue curtains for the windows, helped some Negro boys build a Ping-pong table, and started collecting equipment—books, typewriters, drawing materials for children (on one wall was a group of crayon drawings made by children), an electric sewing machine, a phonograph, office supplies—much of which was donated by friends or manufacturers in the North. Many of the ten thousand books in the library are on civil rights and social protest, such as John Dollard's classic *Caste and Class in a Southern Town* and Richard Wright's novels—books generally unavailable to Negroes in public libraries in Mississippi.

The rent for the center is $40 a month. COFO has been paying the Schwerners' expenses plus $10 a week spending money. They estimated that twenty people a day came to the center, and that about two hundred different people had been up to the center at one time or another.

It had taken a month and a half to get a telephone installed, and as soon as it was, Schwerner was sure it was tapped. "If you are lucky," he said, "you can hear the police calls going back and forth." Also, he was certain much of their mail was being opened along the way. In those April days, though, considering where they were, things were going well according to Schwerner, a stocky former New York social worker

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with a goatee; his wife, who taught in a junior high school in New York, is slender, patient, smiling, and gets on wonderfully with the Negro children who come to hear her read stories on Saturdays. Both enjoyed talking about politics, Negroes, New York, Mississippi, and books. They were willing to cite the flaws in the civil-rights program in Mississippi (admitting that some of the young workers often used poor judgment), but they noted that the rising militancy in the movement and the slogan "Crack Mississippi and you can crack the South" have practical aspects.

"Look at it this way," Schwerner said. "The people who say it's foolhardy to work in Mississippi are missing the point. They see only the emotionalism in the slogan. But the point is, you can cut years off the fight throughout the South by concentrating on Mississippi and showing how there can be progress even in the toughest state."

WHEN THEY ARRIVED in Meridian in January, word of their presence and plans spread quickly. They went to Negro churches on Sundays and passed out mimeographed leaflets about the center. "People just started coming up," Schwerner said. The workday went from about 10:30 in the morning until nine or ten at night, the Schwerners running the center themselves until a staff of summer volunteers could join them. They held classes in remedial reading, arithmetic, and clerking, urging the Negroes to prepare for and apply for jobs in town, even though there was only a slim chance they would be hired. Every Monday and Wednesday evening Mrs. Schwerner was holding sewing classes. Schwerner was starting to organize a system of block captains to canvass Negro areas for the voter-registration drive which was to go on all summer. Schwerner asked every adult who came to the center if he was registered to vote. "Nothing," he said, "is more important than that."

As children began drifting into the center in the afternoon, Schwerner affected a Mississippi Negro accent. His aquiline nose and dark goatee gave a comic aspect to such speech, but the talk flowed freely. One boy, perhaps twelve years old, slipped sheepishly in the door and stood with his hands clasped. To my friendly questions, he answered only with a terse and quiet "Yes, sir." Then Schwerner took over and talked to him: "Come on in now, man. Ain't nothin' wrong. This guy's a friend of mine." The boy scurried over and leaned his elbows on Schwerner's knee. "Now," Schwerner said, "my friend and I been talking about how you kids go to white doctors. Now you tell him what it is you don't like about that." "I don't like goin' in the back door," the boy said. Then he scampered off to seat himself before a typewriter and slowly peck out his name.

Schwerner and his wife were proud of the Negroes' willingness to talk openly with them or near them. Rita told of how a couple of young boys had been arguing one day in the center and one, unconcerned by her presence, spat out at the other the climactic invective: "You white man!" Mrs. Schwerner commented, "We're happy for breakthroughs like that when they don't even think of us as white."

THOUGH THE PROGRAM at the center was running smoothly in the spring, the Schwerners were wondering about how it would be once the Summer Project was in full motion, with the voter-registration drives, political education, "freedom schools," and community centers all over the state staffed by about a thousand young civil-rights volunteers from around the nation. They spoke of the violence that could come. "If I got pregnant here," Mrs. Schwerner said, "I'd just have to leave, that's all. I would never go through a pregnancy or have children with me here."

Though firmly dedicated to the cause, the Schwerners displayed no hot-eyed zeal, and there was no question of staying in Mississippi forever. "There's a job to do here," Schwerner said, "and we both think its very important. But we want to have a normal life some day, and children. So eventually we will go back to New York, maybe in a year or two."

We went to a small Negro lunchroom outside of town for supper because the Schwerners didn't have enough food at home to feed me. "Darn it, Mickey," his wife said, slapping her hand on the table, "I'm going to have a steak. I think we need that." Steaks were cheap. Nobody turned to stare at us because everybody seemed to know the Schwerners. "It's funny," she said, "but when you ask about homesickness, I don't miss friends so much or family, but we get homesick for New York sometimes." Schwerner picked it up. "We can understand why the Negroes don't leave this state. In the first place, the really poor ones here wouldn't have any great life in the North, even if they could get there. But mainly it's their home here, and they have families here and their lives are here, and there's even a little pride left that makes them not want to run."

The Summer Project was bound to succeed, he said. "But there's no question about it, the Federal government will have to come in sooner or later."

On his application for the Summer Project, Schwerner wrote that he was firmly dedicated to the principles of equal rights, and that he wanted to see for himself how things were in Mississippi. Were they naïve about Mississippi? Perhaps, when they came. But in recent weeks Schwerner showed a growing concern. In June he addressed the first group of project volunteers at the orientation session in Oxford, Ohio, warning the trainees of the dangers in Mississippi. He emphasized that it was most important for them, when traveling along Mississippi highways, to check in with their offices every hour by telephone.

IT WAS just a few days later that Schwerner, together with Andrew Goodman, twenty, of New York City and James E. Chaney, twenty-one, a Negro of Meridian—two who were to be working with him this summer at the community center—drove the thirty-nine miles from Meridian to Philadelphia, Mississippi, to investigate a fire that had destroyed a Negro church where Schwerner had been holding meetings. Upon leaving the fire site, they were arrested on a speeding charge, detained several hours before being allowed to pay the fine, and then escorted by police to the town limits. That was when the three of them disappeared.

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Religion in the Soviet Union

GEORGE BAILEY

"I BELIEVE," said Vladlen the non-believer, "in dialectical materialism, in the dictatorship of the proletariat, in centralized planning, in the kolkhoz system. I have always believed in these things and I believe them now as much as ever. You in the West have been dishonest. You have deliberately misinterpreted the significance of de-Stalinization, tried to discredit everything connected with Stalin. But what Stalin did was not bad—it was his methods that were bad."

I have known Vladlen for a good many years, but our acquaintanceship has been occasional. I had not seen him since my last trip to Moscow in 1959, when he was the editor of a large Soviet publication. He had since become a "specialist" in ideology. "The situation with the Chinese Communists is not at all what your propagandists in the West make it out to be," said Vladlen. "It is much worse." The trouble with Communism in China, he said, is that it is being superimposed upon the Chinese people by a small clique. This is necessary because the Chinese industrial proletariat is minute—much too small to support a genuine revolution and implement its consolidation. "The peasants are still in the overwhelming majority, and you can't build Communism with peasants—it's impossible!" As a result, the Chinese leadership has had to adopt Stalinist methods. Worse still, this situation had set up a pattern of interaction between China and the East European "Peoples' Democracies" that were still generally in the throes of de-Stalinization, each side reacting against the other. Meanwhile the Soviet Union is in the middle, buffeted from opposing sides. As Vladlen sees it, the Soviet imperium is thus cracking on both sides for exactly opposite reasons. As the edges give way, the center hardens. "Now," he asked, "does all I have said answer your question?"

MY ORIGINAL question had been a relatively simple one: Why has the Soviet Union in recent years intensified its campaign against religion in the Soviet Union?

We had gotten off to a bad start. When I put the question, Vladlen bristled noticeably. "If we weren't old acquaintances," he said, "I would give you a rather primitive answer to that question." The basic hostility of Communism to religion is primitive enough. Lenin described Marx's dictum "Religion is the opium of the people" as the cornerstone of the whole world outlook of Marxism on the question of religion: "All modern churches and religions, all religious organizations, Marxism always regards as organs of bourgeois reaction serving to defend exploitation and to stupefy the working class." Accordingly, the Soviet state confiscated all church property, disenfranchised all priests and clerics as "servants of the bourgeoisie," closed all seminaries, and went on to put every aspect of church life under strict administrative control. A decree of 1921 forbade the giving of religious instruction to groups of children under the age of eighteen. An anti-religious seminary was opened in Moscow in 1922 and the League of Militant Atheists was formed in 1925. The latter organization, now known as the All-Union Society for the Dissemination of Political and Scientific Knowledge, has carried out party directives for the publication of anti-religious scientific literature and the organization of mass anti-

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religious meetings. In 1929 all church social, cultural, educational, and charitable functions were prohibited. Schoolteaching became actively anti-religious instead of merely non-religious. Wherever possible, religious activity was confined to the mere observance of rites. And a great many churches were simply ordered closed.

During the Second World War the Soviet government was forced to give the Church a new lease on life. The day Nazi Germany invaded Russia, the Acting Patriarch of Moscow sent a message to all Christian churches in the Soviet Union enjoining prayers and patriotic efforts to defeat the enemy. Identifying itself completely with the Soviet cause (which, in the life-and-death struggle, immediately reverted to the Russian cause), the Church was at the center of Russian resistance to the invader. In return the Soviet government officially recognized the Church, gave it permission to elect a Patriarch, assigned him a formal residence (the former German embassy in Moscow), and granted the right to open seminaries and academies for the training of priests, and to print certain religious material and instruct children in religion. Finally, a number of churches were reopened, all anti-religious museums were closed, and the publication of anti-religious material was discontinued.

The Soviets were duly impressed by the discovery that the Church could be a highly effective instrument of foreign as well as domestic policy. But the reactivation of the Church's pastoral concern with the welfare of war invalids, widows, and orphans greatly alarmed government authorities, especially those concerned with ideology. In late 1943, the government set up a Council for the Affairs of the Russian Orthodox Church, subordinate to the Council of Ministers, and placed G. E. Karpov, a major general in the KGB (the state security organization), in charge. A similar council of cults was set up for all other religious organizations.

The council set about centralizing Church organization—the better to control it—and laid the foundation for penetrating the hierarchy itself by the recruitment under duress of key members as well as by the introduction of security agents into Orthodox seminaries and academies as theological students. The council also acts as a board of admissions, passing or rejecting all candidates for theological training. Hence only those candidates judged suitable for the purposes of the state manage to enter the apparatus of Church organization at all. As a result, the upper echelons of the hierarchy are made up of priests who have been co-opted as agents of the KGB or career agents of the KGB trained as priests. Within the scope of its foreign contacts, the Russian Orthodox Church became an effective arm of the KGB.

Unto Caesar with a Vengeance

In recent years the Moscow Patriarchate has rendered signal service to the Soviet state through the role it has played in the Communist-sponsored world peace movement. The patriarchate publicly accused the United States of wanton aggression in Korea and parroted the charge that the American Army was waging germ warfare.

It was the Russian Orthodox Church that convened the World Christian Congress for the Defense of Peace in Prague in June, 1961. In April of the next year, Patriarch Alexei sent a message to President Kennedy demanding the cessation of the policy of terrorization and nuclear testing.

At the Moscow Peace Congress in 1962, Alexei reproached the West for conducting "the most dangerous tests with nuclear bombs." At the Pan-Orthodox Conference on the island of Rhodes in 1961, the Russian Orthodox delegation managed to put through a resolution condemning racial discrimination in the United States and elsewhere while successfully opposing a resolution condemning atheism in the Soviet Union and elsewhere.

The petition by the Russian Orthodox Church for membership in the World Council of Churches and its acceptance in 1961 has been hailed as evidence of the liberation of the Church from its long confinement. Actually, the petition suited Soviet tactical aims very well, both in furthering the Communist peace movement through the added access and facilities accorded by membership and in working to create an Orthodox front against the Vatican, "the center of international intrigue and fascism."

The Soviet decision to allow the Russian Orthodox Church to join the World Council of Churches established a precedent. Accordingly, the Union of Evangelical Christian Baptists of the U.S.S.R., the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Latvia, the Georgian Orthodox Church, the Armenian Apostolic Church, and the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Estonia petitioned for membership and were admitted to the council in 1962. Inevitably, this development has focused attention on the spectacular anomaly of churches supported and directed by the Soviet state in their contacts abroad while being systematically throttled at home. While the Russian Orthodox Church was being admitted to the World Council of Churches, one of its archbishops was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment in the Ukraine.

The paradox of the party line for the Church—whereby the party and the hierarchy support each other while the whole of the party propaganda apparatus is engaged in a massive attack against religious belief—has effected a kind of schism between parish priests and their ruling hierarchy. This division has been forced along the seam of the Orthodox canon law that permits priests to marry but denies them access to the hierarchy unless they are celibate. The great majority of Orthodox priests do marry. Thus automatically disqualified from the hierarchy, they remain at the parish level. At this level they are interesting to the Soviet authorities only as targets for "re-education," administrative measures, and general harass-

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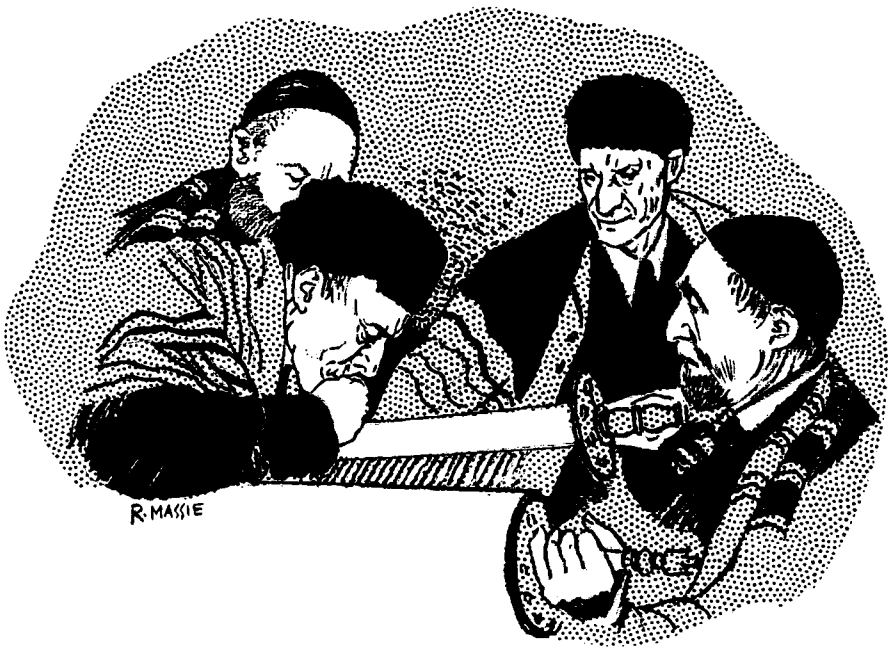
ment. Ideally, the Soviets would like to "phase out" the parish level of the Church and so gradually destroy its base while preserving the shell of the hierarchy to serve as a front for the state in its dealings with the outside world (the hierarchy can be liquidated at any time).

But if the state has schemes to use the Church, it may also be that the Church has schemes to use the state. As a visiting Soviet churchman in Paris put it, "The peace resolution is our donkey on which we ride to international conferences just as Jesus rode on a donkey to Jerusalem."

The great majority of co-opted churchmen are churchmen first and by conviction, KGB agents second and by necessity. And the end results of introducing KGB career agents into the hierarchy are sometimes more disturbing to the KGB than to the Church. Maximum exposure of officials to foreign influence is the particular bugaboo of the Soviet Union, because it accounts for the very high defection rate of KGB officers operating abroad.



TWENTY-FIVE years ago, the chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Council of the Soviet Union, Mikhail Kalinin, admitted that it was not enough to destroy religion; it was necessary to replace it by something else. Lenin, he added, had said that in the society of the future, the theater would play the role formerly held by religion. But the theater of today does not even play the role the theater used to play in pre-Soviet Russia. In twenty-five years the Soviets have succeeded neither in destroying religion nor in creating anything else to replace it.

But the search goes on. Early this year, Leonid Ilichev, the party propaganda chief, wrote, "Our holidays and especially civic rituals which touch on important events in the personal life of an individual should perhaps be given more solemnity. . . . The registration of most births and marriages, for example, occurs prosaically and in drab circumstances. Certain things are being done in Leningrad, Moscow . . . and other cities for the creation of new civic ceremonies. . . ." (The allusion here is mainly to the newly founded "marriage palaces.") "But in general we still display very little concern for replacing church ceremonies with civic nonreligious rituals that fully reflect the beauty of the spiritual world of Soviet people and answer their aesthetic and ethical needs. Why do our poets, composers, and artists remain isolated in such matters?"

To implement his theory of Socialist Realism, Lenin insisted that literature and the arts become partisan, "an integral part of the organized, systematic . . . party work." The main goal of Socialist Realism is "the re-evaluation of all the ethical and aesthetic norms of the bourgeois world." The practitioners of Socialist Realism have succeeded only in devaluating the norms to the point of eliminating them entirely. It is this that makes for the curious hollowness of Soviet society as exemplified in the massive bareness of Moscow, the most "Soviet" of Soviet cities, with hotel dining rooms the size of Grand Central Terminal in green and white marble, colossal avenues a hundred yards wide, and not a tree—or at best a few stunted saplings.

The night I arrived in Moscow in mid-April, I was escorted from the airport to my hotel in the city by a young Intourist guide. We stopped on the Lenin Hills and he showed me the panorama of the city. I told him that I was mainly interested in the theater and the Church. "You know," he mused, "it's a funny thing. I am not a believer but I like to go to church. Not during the service, mind you. I like to go when nobody else is there. It makes a nice break. It's quiet and it's peaceful there. It's a good place to collect my thoughts, to think things over quietly and unhurriedly."

The lack of sanctuary in Soviet society has prompted a search for substitute sanctuaries. Judging from the Soviet press and my own observations, there has been a marked increase in alcoholism in the last five years. "It is not just that the Soviets have been unable to replace the pomp and circumstance of the Church's ceremonial—'the blazing splendor of the ikonostas,'" said one of my Russian companions in Moscow. "The important thing is that there is no essential dignity in the Soviet system. Khrushchev is a vulgar man who speaks bad Russian. The only Soviet leader I can remember who spoke good Russian was Malenkov."

The general reversion to the past is chiefly manifested in a resurgence of interest in the great Russian classics. The best theaters and the best actors are employed in productions of Griboedov, Pushkin, Lermontov, and Chekhov. The young people I met in the lobbies were openly contemptuous of modern Soviet playwrights. Said one: "They are all hacks—village butchers trying to perform brain surgery." The régime makes do by selecting classics with a social message, twisting them to its purpose with production devices: in the current Moscow production

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the merchant in *The Cherry Orchard* wears high-heeled bright yellow shoes to show how effete he is.

Resistance to the Communist system in Russia is blind and instinctive. It is as if the Russians were in passive rebellion in spite of themselves and without knowing it. But the resistance is growing, a fact to which the régime paid tribute when it chose to jeopardize its gold reserve by foreign grain purchases rather than face the consequences of forcing the population to tighten its belt. Curiously, the state's achievements in space have only served to heighten the difference between the present and the past. Increasingly, the Church looms as the single institutional repository of the past, of national cultural traditions and ancestral style.

The Past or the Future?

Some forty miles to the northeast of Moscow lies the holy city of Zagorsk. Rising above the high walls of the great monastery of Troitse-Sergiyeva are the multicolored and golden onion tops of two cathedrals and six churches, dominated by the highest bell tower in Russia. Sometimes called the Russian Vatican, the monastery also houses the country's largest theological seminary and academy as well as the retreat of the Patriarch. Inside the monastery walls I found thousands of pilgrims dressed in black robes with black hoods or long kerchiefs hiding their faces. Most of them were motionless, sitting or half lying on the ground; overhead, hundreds of giant ravens soared amid the tops of tall pine trees, cawing incessantly. Their cawing echoed off the walls of the monastery and penetrated the air, blending with the ritual chanting of the pilgrims—all the while accompanied by the slow steady tolling of the great bronze bell in the tower.

"This," I said in my astonishment to the Intourist guide, "is old Mother Russia."

"These," he answered as we literally stepped over prostrate supplicants, "are the last remaining support of the Church—all old people." I looked more closely and advised him to do so. They were not so old. Those I was able to scrutinize were roughly between the ages of thirty-five and fifty. Some were older but some were also younger. They had all come great distances on foot.

At one point two army sergeants stepped through the gates and stopped dead in their tracks at the sight. They then turned abruptly in disgust—one of them spat on the ground—and left. When I stopped to talk to the administrator of the monastery, who was just entering his house near the main gate, my guide abruptly left me without a word and quit the grounds.

The administrator was a young man, perhaps in his middle thirties. What struck me during our talk was his ease and confidence. In the atmosphere of the monastery I instinctively attributed the administrator's optimism to his faith. But back in Moscow I questioned a Baptist on the same score. "If you lived here," he said, "you would not be able to believe in the permanence of this system any more than we do."

Missionaries and Cannibals

A fairly large number of believers have left the Orthodox Church to join various sects. The reason is that the sects are generally scattered in more or less autonomous groups whose very lack of centralized organization presents a diffuse target to the state, thus making it virtually impossible to mount a concerted attack against them. "An important peculiarity of sectarianism," noted one Soviet paper, "is the so-called 'priesthood of all members.' " In the case of the All-Union Council of Evangelical Christian Baptists, an open and violent struggle is in progress between the greater part of the membership and the ruling six-man "All-Union Council" of Baptists created by the state in order to control and curb the activities of the sect at large. The council exposed itself as a tool of the Soviet government in 1960 when it issued a "letter of instructions" to all Baptist congregations, which I was shown when visiting a Baptist church in Moscow. The instructions say: "The Senior Presbyter must remember that at present the main task of divine services is *not* the enlistment of new members; the duty of the Senior Presbyter is to check unhealthy missionary tendencies; . . . neither should he become too involved in preaching; . . . the tendency to swell the membership in our communities is definitely to be discontinued . . . ; in an effort to reduce the baptisms of young people between the ages of eighteen and thirty to a minimum, children of pre-school and school age, as a rule, should not be admitted to public worship meetings."

Over the past few years the Baptists have directed a large number of explicit appeals to various government offices and high officials, including Khrushchev. These appeals, whose points of origin range across the Soviet Union, often contain hundreds of signatures. An appeal to Khrushchev dated October, 1961, from the Baptist congregation in Vladivostok states a typical case: "Here the principle of the freedom of conscience and religion has been severely violated. There is not a single registered community in the Kray [region]. We are all forced to assemble without registration, although we have asked for it continuously and insistently. There is not a single community where workers of the militia have not appeared with threats to prohibit the church services." According to Soviet law, a religious community must register with the authorities in order to function legally. The government has outlawed countless congregations by the simple device of refusing registration. Likewise appeals are suppressed by simply ignoring them.

In January of last year a group of thirty-two men, women, and children of the Pentecostal sect traveled all the way from the Siberian town of Chernogorsk to Moscow in an attempt to gain asylum at the American embassy. They were rounded up and deported by Soviet security police but not before they had spent some three hours in the embassy and left seventeen documents with embassy officials. Some of these documents were letters written by children of the congregation describing their incessant, organized harassment. The others contained appeals to U Thant and the President of the United States.

Because of their enforced "illegality," the sects in general and the "religious fanatics" such as the Pentecostals, Seventh Day Adventists, and Jehovah's Witnesses in particular are continually charged with irregularities and misdemeanors of every sort,

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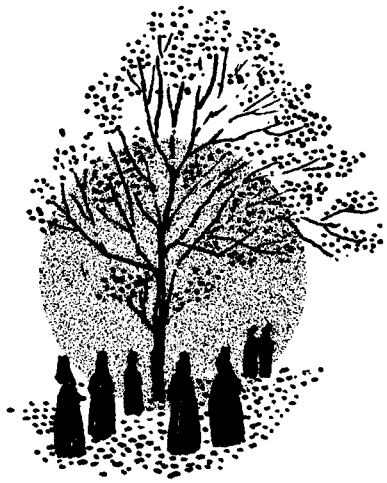
ranging from "parasitism" to ritual murder. But the brunt of the charges is always brought to bear on the economic field. In the eyes of the Soviet authorities, religious rites provide an opportunity to traffic in objects connected with the cult. No manifestation of commercial activity, regardless of its motivation and purpose, is too insignificant to bring down the wrath of the state on the heads of known believers. During my recent trip, I was struck by this news item: "One of the leaders of the Seventh Day Adventists was seen at the market place, as a worshiper of the 'trinity,' selling small brooms made from stolen millet shoots."

A Search for Scapegoats

In some of the recent economic trials, the role of the scapegoat has been refined to a remarkable degree. On the evidence provided by Soviet reporting of the trials, close to sixty per cent of those sentenced to death in the Soviet Union as a whole (ninety per cent in the Ukraine) are Jews. The discrepancy between these percentages and the 1.09 per cent of the total population of the Soviet Union made up of Jews (two per cent in the Ukraine) has caused a considerable stir in the Soviet Union and some concern abroad.

Most of the Jewish defendants have been charged with the manufacture of goods without proper authorization. Although in comparatively lowly positions, the Jews were apparently able to entice and enthrall large numbers of key officials ("With the aid of large bribes, they drew unstable and morally decadent people into their criminal orbit"). In singling out the Jew as a prime target, the Soviet press continually stresses his "giving bribes to spiritual brethren," his "characteristic sins," "the well-known fact that Jews will go to any length in order to help their kind." Groups of Jews are identified as "compatriots" or "co-religionists" of defendants and the lot are branded "members of an alien world." The impression is given that the Soviets have finally managed to isolate and identify the virus of free enterprise in its purest and most dangerous form.

The concerted anti-Semitic campaign in the Soviet Union is always —directly or indirectly—connected with the Jew's religion, and the drive against the Jews is the spearhead of the general drive to destroy the Judeo-Christian ethic. Soviet Communists regard the Jew as the religious archetype, Judaism as the primordial religion. For Communists, the concept of race in any discriminatory sense is doctrinally



taboo—hence the Soviet government's enraged protest that it cannot be accused of anti-Semitism. But Judaism is the only major religion exclusively identified with a people. The relationship between Judaism, Jewish culture, and even Jewish "consciousness" is integral. The Torah and the Talmud are the canonized ethnic history of the Jews. In short, the Jew's religion is his identity. For this reason it would be impossible to foster a heresy within Judaism or to control "Soviet Judaism" as a front against the rest of world Jewry. Moscow might conceivably become the New Byzantium but it could never possibly become the New Jerusalem. Consequently, not one Jewish religious official has ever been allowed to travel outside the Soviet Union. For the same reason, organizational contacts between Jewish congregations are strictly prohibited.

In the 1920's and 1930's Jewish institutions were allow to flourish to a certain degree because Russian Jewry included an intellectual and professional elite essential to the Soviet consolidation effort. But in 1948 the considerable array of Yiddish schools, newspapers, publishing houses, repertory theaters, dramatic schools and research institutes was liquidated at one blow.

The only Yiddish publication in the Soviet Union in addition to the magazine *Sovietish Heimland* is a newspaper called *Birobidzhan Shtern* which appears thrice weekly and has a circulation of exactly one thousand. These two publications "serve" a community numbering almost half a million native Yiddish speakers and two and a quarter million who voluntarily registered their nationality as Jewish in the Soviet census of 1959. The Sidi Tal theater group has no theater of its own and is made up of aging Jewish artists who occasionally give "guest performances." There is nothing else.

There are now only five officiating rabbis left in the Soviet Union. All are over seventy, one is over eighty. The student body of the only Jewish seminary, the Moscow Yeshiva, which was opened as a sop to foreign public opinion in 1957 and once boasted fourteen students, has been reduced to what was described to me as "one and one half students," the "half student" being so described "because he is only half there." A few years ago eight students were denied resident permits for Moscow. Four other students were simply "dissuaded" from attending the seminary.

"This campaign has been carefully calculated by the Soviet authorities," a Jew told me as we walked in a Moscow park. "Public reaction, both here and abroad, has been clearly foreseen and included in the calculation. It is probably too late to do anything: we have probably already been wiped out and many of us don't even know it."

As with the Orthodox Church and the Protestant sects, the state's goal is a gradual liquidation of religion as the bulwark of "bourgeois" culture and hence as a separate "foreign" entity. Until this process is completed, "believers" in all religions serve handily as the scapegoats of Soviet society, providing living evidence of the essential link between religion and corruption. They have been forced, as the last conceivable candidates, into the role of "class enemy," a concept that fulfills exactly the same function in a Communist system as "race enemy" did for the Nazis.

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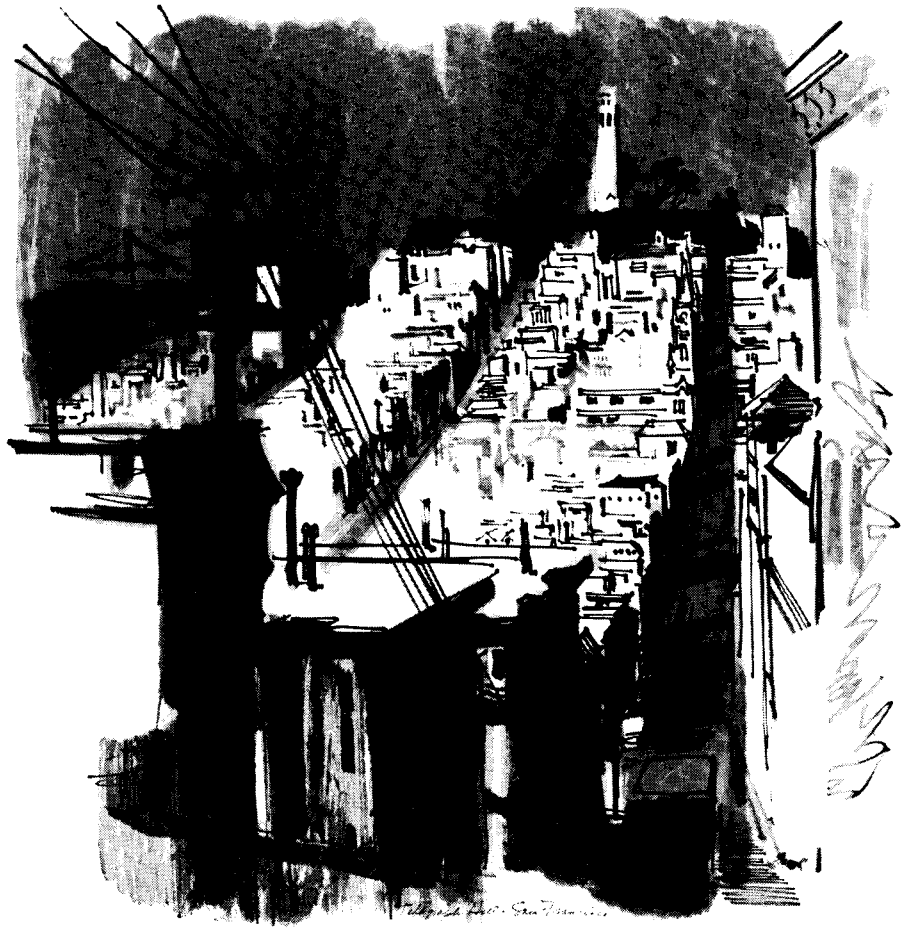

San Francisco

by Helen Drew

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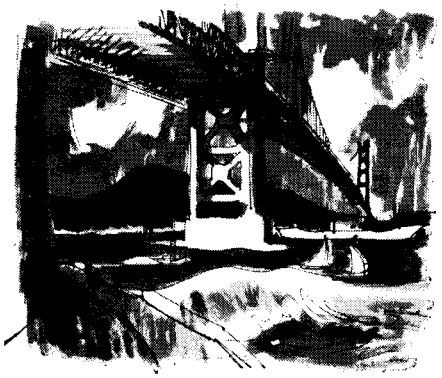

The Wandering Paths Of a Transit Bill

VINCENT J. BURKE

FANS of cowboy drama find it easy to distinguish the hero (he wears a white hat) from the villain (his hat is black). Things are not that simple in Washington. Misled by the stereotypes, people sometimes can't tell their friends from their foes. This was illustrated by the developments that led to the House passage on June 25 of the Johnson administration's urban transit bill, which had been abandoned for dead last winter, long after it passed the Senate.

Some supporters of the bill fell into the trap of labeling the House Rules Committee the villain that sought to obstruct it. A few days before the showdown House vote, for example, a New York *Times* editorial exulted that the bill was "finally released from the suffocating clutches of the Rules Committee."

The truth was that the Rules Committee had been ready for more than a year to clear the bill. It delayed action only to oblige the Democratic leader of the House, Speaker John W. McCormack. In the end, the bill was saved by lobbyists who dragged a timid Speaker and an apathetic White House into a fight for the bill they had tried to avoid.

In submitting the urban transit bill to Congress last year, President Kennedy said it was designed to solve "one of the most urgent problems facing the nation and this Congress." Supporters of Federal aid say that transit systems in all major cities need extension and point out that last year there were sixty-nine cities with a population of twenty-five thousand or more that lacked even busses.

The legislation provided Federal aid for subway, rail, or bus systems. Its premise was that "fare box" revenue could finance operation, but not the heavy cost of installing new systems. In its final form, the bill would authorize Federal grants of up to $375 million over a three-year period for new construction or equipment to expand or modernize transportation systems in urban areas. The Federal grants would cover two-thirds of the net cost, and state or local agencies would have to put up the rest. Opponents of the bill insisted that any needed subsidies were a local, not a national, responsibility. Moreover, the $375-million price tag was only a down payment, they argued, and the program ultimately would cost many billions of Federal dollars.

AT FIRST the bill advanced swiftly. The Senate passed it in April, 1963. In the same month the bill was cleared 22-7 by the urban-minded House Banking and Currency Committee. That brought the measure to the House Rules Committee. There action stopped. Democratic leaders felt that if the bill was brought to the House floor, it would drown in the wave of budget-cutting sentiment that had been provoked by the administration's plea for the biggest tax cut in history.

This January, President Johnson included funds for mass transit in his budget for fiscal 1965. In his housing message, he said that early enactment of the bill was basic to the development and redevelopment of our cities. But neither the President nor Speaker McCormack—for different reasons—lifted a finger to speed the bill.

Faced with inadequate time for enactment of all of his legislative program, Johnson decided to reserve White House pressure for more popular or more urgent election-year measures. Speaker McCormack had warned the President that the House would vote down the bill and Johnson did not want to jeopardize his reputation for victories in Congress. For his part, McCormack dreaded the urban transit bill as a possible further threat to his prestige as House leader of the administration forces. Rather than risk a defeat, he

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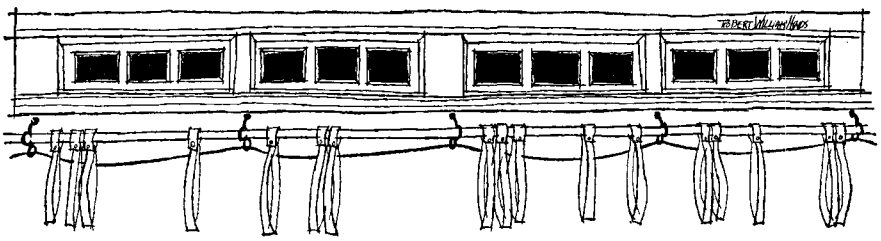
chose to hold the bill in the Rules Committee.

When the House rejects a controversial Presidential proposal, the Speaker—whether he deserves it or not—usually gets the major share of the blame. Since he became Speaker almost three years ago, the Boston Democrat has been subjected to a series of such humiliations. After a faltering start, administration forces under his leadership achieved a better than expected record in House fights in 1962, but in 1963 everything went sour. The national debate over Kennedy's tax-cut proposal produced a budget-cutting atmosphere that made it difficult to win approval of administration spending programs. The troubles were compounded in June, when submission of Kennedy's broadened civil-rights program alienated some of the President's Southern support in the House. Legislative action slowed to a near halt.

When the assassination of President Kennedy thrust McCormack into the national spotlight as second in line for the Presidency, the Speaker was subjected to further criticism. Editorials complained that McCormack, at seventy-two, was too old for the White House, and many commentators called for a change in the line of Presidential succession. Some questioned McCormack's capacity for leadership. The criticism was galling to McCormack, who felt that a lifetime of public service should have earned him more respect.

McCormack reacted by strengthening his resolve to achieve a winning record on the House floor in 1964. But in four big legislative battles, the administration forces suffered two stunning even though temporary defeats. The House approved the civil-rights and the wheat-cotton bills, but it unexpectedly rejected a bill to increase the U.S. contribution to an international foreign-aid program (the International Development Administration, or IDA, begun under Eisenhower). It also defeated a bill to raise the pay of all Federal employees, including members of Congress. Eventually these bills were modified slightly, called up for a second vote, and passed by wide margins, but only after vigorous work by McCormack and the White House, and, in the case of IDA, intervention by Eisenhower too.



The initial rejection of the IDA and pay bills left a mark on McCormack. He became even more reluctant to take risks. In early 1964 the urban transit bill appeared doomed. The White House and its House leadership seemed willing to let it die without a vote.

Lobbyists to the Rescue!

No doubt it would have, if various groups of lobbyists had not come to the rescue. In February they set up the Urban Passenger Transportation Association—for the sole purpose of lobbying for the bill. The UPTA's six members were the Association of American Railroads; the American Transit Association (chiefly local bus-line owners); the Institute of Rapid Transit (subways); the Railway Progress Institute (composed of more than one hundred firms in the railroad equipment and supply industry); the American Municipal Association (composed of more than thirteen thousand municipal govenments of all sizes); and the U.S. Conference of Mayors.

The most energetic support in the Association of American Railroads came from the politically powerful Pennsylvania Railroad and from other Northeastern railroads that have been losing money on their commuter trains. The New Haven Railroad is in bankruptcy. Another road, the Boston and Maine, has lost millions of dollars on commuter traffic. The Eastern railroads felt that an infusion of Federal aid was essential to put their commuter lines on a self-sustaining basis.

UPTA won support from some loosely allied groups such as the National Association of Home Builders, the American Institute of Architects, the American Institute of Planners, and the National Housing Conference. Labor supported the proposal as a means of creating jobs; home builders felt that new subways would open up new housing sites within commuting distance of urban centers; mayors sought relief for their pinched budgets; the architects wanted to make cities less ugly and more efficient. Thus the lobbying operation reflected economic, political, and aesthetic motives.

Local chambers of commerce in a few cities (such as Boston, home of the first U.S. subway, Philadelphia, and Atlanta) worked for the bill, but most chambers opposed it; and the U.S. Chamber of Commerce denounced it, asserting that urban transit was essentially a local problem concentrated in a few areas.

THE LOBBY had three goals: to prod President Johnson into fighting for his own bill, to persuade Speaker McCormack that it was safe to move the bill out of the Rules Committee and call it up for a House vote, and to obtain pledges of enough House votes to guarantee passage.

It was urgent, UPTA knew, that McCormack get the bill out of the Rules Committee before control over the measure passed from him to Representative Howard W. Smith, the conservative Virginia Democrat who is chairman of the committee, and who opposed the bill. The Speaker has controlled the Rules Committee since January, 1961, when the committee was enlarged to divest its conservatives of domination. But there comes a point late in every Congressional session when control passes to the Rules Committee chairman because of his power to refuse to call meetings. Since the committee regulates the flow of legislation to the House floor, Smith cannot exercise this power in mid-season without halting the House's entire legislative machinery. However, in the final weeks of a session Smith's power gradually grows until he finally is virtual boss of the measures that can be considered by the House.

While the Democratic politicians in the UPTA alliance put pressure on the White House, the railroads and other business interests operated on

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the Republican side of the street, seeking votes of G.O.P. congressmen. During White House negotiations that forestalled a nationwide rail strike in April, rail representatives urged Johnson to push the urban transit bill.

However, UPTA suffered a disappointment in mid-April when Johnson, at a news conference, listed the bills to which he had assigned top priority. The list had five items: civil rights, anti-poverty, Medicare, government pay increases, and expansion of the food-stamp program. Several weeks later the President added to the priority list a program of special relief for the Appalachian area. But he did not add urban transit.

UPTA also failed to change McCormack's assessment. Offsetting the pressure UPTA put on the White House, McCormack kept telling the President, at weekly legislative conferences, that because of its emphasis on urban problems, rural Democrats would vote against the bill and it could not be passed. The UPTA lobbyists tried to persuade McCormack that urban transit would command more than enough support from Republicans of the heavily populated Northeast to offset expected Democratic losses. The Pennsylvania Railroad and other Northeastern railroads had wooed support for urban transit from Republicans in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New York, and received numerous pledges of G.O.P. support elsewhere.

The Speaker Drags His Feet

By early spring, the UPTA forces argued that McCormack could rely on thirty-five to forty Republican votes, hopefully enough to pass the bill. But it took UPTA until early May to get the White House to start prodding the Speaker into action. McCormack agreed to move the bill out of the Rules Committee, but that was all. He would not say when he would schedule the measure for a House vote.

At McCormack's request, the Rules Committee cleared the bill on May 20. The lopsided vote, 8-4, showed that its members had not been "bottling up" the bill.

A week later Republican Governor William Scranton of Pennsylvania appealed to the entire Pennsylvania Republican delegation in the House to vote for the bill. His letter to Representative John P. Saylor cited the "millions of dollars of business and thousands of jobs" that would come to the state, in addition to the direct benefits to Pennsylvania's transit situation. The letter well illustrates UPTA's economic appeal.

But on the same day that the Scranton letter was written, the House Republican Policy Committee frightened McCormack anew by taking a firm party stand of "unalterable opposition" to the urban transit bill. Since the Policy Committee rarely announces a party stand on any legislation when it anticipates significant Republican defections, the Speaker viewed the action as a danger signal. He felt that the bill

would get no more than ten Republican votes, and he asked UPTA lobbyists to recheck the forty G.O.P. votes they claimed. They did and reported that the forty Republicans were holding firm.

Still McCormack held back. He told newsmen in early June that he would not call up the bill until he was sure of enough votes to pass it. Some of the bill's discouraged backers muttered privately that if this statement was interpreted literally, the bill never would be called up. Others complained that if McCormack waited until after the Republican national convention to call for a vote, his worst fears would be realized. They said some of the bill's Republican support was certain to melt away in the partisan heat of the post-convention atmosphere.

THAT WAS the fear of Representative William B. Widnall, a veteran Republican from New Jersey who had served as a leader in winning Republicans for the bill. Widnall let it be known that he was considering a plan to call a press conference at which he would publicly name the bill's Republican supporters and denounce McCormack and the White House for holding up action. Simultaneously the White House stepped up its pressure. Finally, McCormack crossed his Rubicon. On June 16 he told Widnall that he would put the measure to a vote prior to the Republican convention. A few days later he announced that the vote would come on June 25.

In the intervening week, members of UPTA, White House lobbyists, McCormack and his House whip organization, and the staff of Housing Subcommittee Chairman Albert Rains (D., Alabama), the able floor manager for the bill, joined forces in a co-ordinated attempt to assure victory.

Just before the final House vote, Republicans tried to kill the bill by sending it back to committee. But thirty-three Republicans voted against the move, and it failed 215-190. On final passage, the vote was 212 aye, 189 nay. Thirty-nine Republicans (twenty-three per cent of all Republicans voting) cast their votes for the bill. Veteran lawmakers could not remember a previous vote on which so many Republicans had deserted the party line of their Policy Committee.

Of the thirty-nine "yes" votes cast by Republicans, thirty-three came from five Northeastern states—Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Jersey, whose Republican delegations voted solidly for the bill, and Pennsylvania and New York. On June 30, the Senate completed action on the measure by accepting House amendments and sending it to the White House.

Thus was approved a new Federal spending program, one that promises to play an increasing role in reshaping the pattern of urban living. The new urban transit program owes its life to the leadership provided by the special interests that expect to benefit from it. But House passage of the urban transit bill generally was hailed as a big victory for President Johnson and for his House leader, Speaker McCormack.

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A Second Chance For Ninety Men in Norfolk

JAMES W. CANAN

SEVENTY-EIGHT of the ninety unlettered, unemployed Negroes who struggled through a year's training in Norfolk, Virginia, have found steady jobs since their graduation last November. But even more important than these individual success stories was the experience gained in the first attempt to train the hard-core poor under the Manpower Development and Training Act of 1962. It was in large measure the lessons learned in Norfolk that led Congress to amend the act for the benefit of future projects. And yet, despite these and other accomplishments, it is by no means certain that the project can be repeated on a large scale in other communities. The success of Norfolk lay largely in the drive of those responsible for it to remold the men in it, however great the odds. Matching that drive will be difficult, even with more help from the Federal government.

The project, designed to overcome the interrelated problems of illiteracy, unemployment, and racial discrimination, was devised by the Norfolk division of the Virginia State College, an all-Negro institution. The idea was not so much to teach skilled men new skills or to help them shift from dying trades to promising ones as to make literate craftsmen out of men whose only marketable assets were their muscles.

Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz assigned top priority to the Norfolk project, as overseen from Washington by his Office of Manpower, Automation and Training (OMAT). He was disturbed because the manpower-training programs were not reaching the unemployed who needed them most, namely the nation's illiterates, among whom Southern Negroes predominated. Hence, Wirtz described the Norfolk project as "one of the most important and critical experiments going on in the United States today." He noted that Negro heads of families were unemployed in twice the numbers of their white counterparts. He blamed in part "the continuing fact of discrimination," but asserted that the Negroes' biggest drawback was their lack of training for many of the jobs otherwise available to them.

The 'Defeated People'

The encroachments of automation at the naval bases, shipyards, and coal piers that dominate the Norfolk area's economy illustrate Wirtz's point dramatically: they are bad news for the unskilled laborer, black or white. Four years ago, the Navy reported to the Negro college that the installation of computer controls in warehouses and of machines for loading ships' stores would soon mean laying off some three hundred Negroes. Was there anything the college could do to train Negroes to handle jobs requiring some judgment? If there was, the Navy would do everything possible to hire them.

The college responded by conceiving its training project. But not until passage of the Manpower Act in 1962 was the college able to proceed on grants of $135,000 from the Labor Department for the trainees' allowances and $125,000 from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to pay administrative and teaching costs.

Most of the hundred Negro men chosen for the Norfolk courses in auto mechanics, bricklaying, electronics, sheet-metal work, and janitorial duties were of the "hard-core unemployed" (and resented being so described). Ranging in age from twenty-five to sixty and averaging four children each, they could not read well enough to pass the standard aptitude test that ordinarily determines whether a man is qualified to be trained under the Manpower Act. They had bleak histories of sharecropping or of desultory employment in what they call "pick-up work," and they all realized the futility of seeking steady work with brawn alone to offer.

Officials at the Norfolk college were convinced that it would be necessary to instruct the men in many other areas besides shop courses if they were to make their way in the modern job market. The ability to read, to write, to be fairly well spoken—and even to listen—seemed just as essential to success. Furthermore, the officials believed that the dignity to be gained from becoming skillful would stimulate a yearning for increased literacy, and vice versa.

Thus fifty of the trainees were given additional instruction in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, and just plain communication ("How to Talk to Your Supervisor"). The others received vocational training only. The fortunes of the two groups, along with those of another hundred men who received no training, will be compared a year following the project's completion. There is enough evidence already, however, to vindicate the concept. As a result, the "basic education" techniques tried for the first time at Norfolk have become more or less standard in manpower programs.

BUT it was one thing to plant the theories and quite another to nurture them. The first of many problems encountered by the college was to attract the attention of men who do not expect that anything good will come their way, and who consequently tend to be too shy or too sullen to take advantage of it when it does. The state employment office in Norfolk used its files to round up prospects for the training, and mass media publicized the proj-

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ect, but the response was negligible. One college official observed that the publicity produced "a very favorable atmosphere among the literate public," but not much else. Either the unemployed had no desire to learn new skills or else they had not been reached. At any rate, it was apparent that they were not likely to apply for training just because it was there; they had to be found and then convinced that it was to their advantage to sign up.

Professors and undergraduates spread the word through the pastors of Negro churches, concentrating on those in poor neighborhoods and being careful to include all the "cult" congregations. They roamed the streets in teams, talking about the project to anyone who would listen, distributing simply written fact sheets in the places where the idle congregated. After a month, the employment office and the college had more than enough applicants.

Many of them, not understanding the unique purpose of the project, were puzzled as to why their comparative keenness of mind should weigh against their being chosen. In point of fact, however, several who showed acumen were selected, to give the classes the pupil leadership that the college felt would be impossible to attain with classes made up entirely of "defeated people."

Once the classes began, the instructors ran into resistance from the trainees in the basic education courses. They made it plain that they had signed up to be shown how to get big pay checks, not to pore over readers and spellers. But within a few weeks, they began to take pride in their studies and drew the envy of the others. It became a matter of course for those taking the three Rs to share what they had learned with those who were not. It was a revelation that all but a few of the trainees, in both groups, showed a deftness of hand and mind that belied their dismal backgrounds and low aptitude-test scores. Moreover, the average reading level of those in the basic education group improved markedly.

Dropouts and Handholding

About a year ago, just as the project seemed to be proving itself, it was threatened with a crisis: dropouts on a scale that would have finished it then and there. Ten trainees already had departed, some because they could not resist job offers. One, for example, took a job as a front-end man in an auto-body repair shop at $90 a week, a fortune for him. Most quit or were seriously considering quitting, however, because they could not support their families on the weekly allowances they were receiving from the government.

Under the Manpower Act at that time, a trainee was forbidden to work part time, and was limited to an allowance no greater than the level of unemployment compensation of the state in which he lived. The level

in Virginia was $27 a week, and most of the trainees, despite histories of irregular work, had been able to do better. With summer at hand, they longed to apply for the jobs and the big tips possibly awaiting them at Virginia Beach and other resort areas. At one point, the teachers and staff began making small out-of-pocket loans to stave off the trainees' creditors, and arranging for donations of food, clothing, and even toys.

Confronted by this challenge to the project, which Wirtz had said "has got to work," the Labor Department approached a private foundation, which provided $29,000, enough to add $15 a week to the income of each trainee, plus $2 a week for each dependent. There were no more dropouts, and absenteeism dwindled to almost nothing. As a result, Congress amended the Manpower Act to authorize bonuses of up to $10 a week to trainees who, in the judgment of the Secretary of Labor, just can't make it on their allowances. In addition, trainees now may work as many as twenty hours a week, thus lessening any urge to forsake training when part-time work becomes available. And Congress also appropriated more money to train "functional illiterates" in the Norfolk pattern.

But money wasn't the only problem encountered in the Norfolk project. Not surprisingly, many of the trainees had personal and family problems. Halfway through the courses, the college felt compelled to borrow Mrs. Vivian Ewing, a Negro caseworker, from the Norfolk Social Service Bureau to counsel the men.

Mrs. Ewing went beyond counseling and referring. She organized the trainees' wives into a club; helped them to budget for low-cost, nourishing meals and to organize their households; arranged picnics; attempted to relieve the fears of some of them that their husbands might develop a yen for the co-eds at the college; and repeatedly planted the idea that they should be proud of their husbands and of themselves.

One faculty member, who praised Mrs. Ewing for her achievements, nonetheless expressed misgivings: "I wonder," he said, "how these men will react when they have to show up on the job on the dot every day and stay steady, without her to hold their hands when they have troubles." Thus far, his doubts have not been justified.

Where Are They Now?

For all the spirit and confidence that had developed by graduation time ("The hall was packed and the undergraduates cheered; you'd have thought they were graduating from Harvard," said one professor), it took two months to get thirty of the trainees hired and two more to bring that number up to fifty. The Navy, which had been expected to hire nearly all of the electronics and sheet-metal workers, was stymied by a reduction in the civilian work force of the entire Defense establishment. The weather had turned cold, and so had the bricklayers' prospects.

Eight months after the end of the project, the Navy has managed to hire only one trainee. Even so, sixty-

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six of the ninety who earned certificates are working at their trades—including fifteen of the sixteen bricklayers—or at related jobs. Twelve others have found work in different fields. One of them, the sixteenth bricklayer, exemplifies an important side benefit of the training: the self-discipline that comes with having seen something through. His big handicap always had been a violent temper, which flared up a few times early in the training and rendered his future dubious. He learned to control it, and because he had, was recommended to an agency that supplies guards for stores. Not long after being hired, he broke his hand while defending a supermarket against young hoodlums who had been vandalizing it, and became something of a local hero.

Especially striking was the impact of the project on segregation. One graduate became the telephone company's first Negro lineman in Norfolk at $72 a week. A previously all-white automobile assembly plant took on four trainees, two for the assembly line at $3.50 an hour and two for maintenance work at $2.52 an hour. One of the assemblers made $200, with overtime, his first week on the job.

To be sure, some members of the unusual graduating class have not been so fortunate. It is believed that one trainee was fired from a good job because he refused to change an elaborate hair style that his white co-workers found offensive. Another joined the Black Muslims upon graduation. Eight of the trainees found jobs at a plant in North Carolina, only to be laid off in short order for reasons that have not been made clear.

But on balance, the project must be reckoned a worthwhile experiment. In a recent progress report, Dr. William M. Cooper, who directed the project, wrote: "We are continuing our efforts to place and upgrade trainees. Co-operation of the employment offices has been good. The employment situation is fluid and ever-changing. Our trainees are responding to these changes to better their employment and pay. . . . Our hope is that this report will help in promoting the total manpower effort."

At the very least, it looks like a step in the right direction.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

What the Germans Are Reading About Hitler

GORDON A. CRAIG

BERLIN

IN MAY an American writer named David L. Hoggan was the recipient of awards bearing the names of Germany's most famous historian, Leopold von Ranke, and one of its most courageous humanists, Ulrich von Hutten. The awards apparently were made in recognition of a very long book by Hoggan that was published in Germany in 1961 but not in the United States. In this work, which is called *Der erzwungene Krieg,* Hoggan argues that the responsibility for bringing war upon the world in 1939 was not Adolf Hitler's, but rather that of the foreign ministers of Great Britain and Poland, Lord Halifax and Colonel Józef Beck. Hence his title, which might properly be translated as "The War Forced on Germany."

Since both Hoggan's thesis and the curious ways he uses documents in his efforts to support it had been subjected to devastating criticism in the leading historical journals of the United States and Germany, the news of the awards touched off a row of major proportions. The *Berliner Tagesspiegel* deplored these "spectacular honors for a historical distortion," both as an effort to launch a new historical legend and as an affront to Ranke and Hutten, two Germans who fought steadfastly for freedom and truth. The Association of German Writers and the executive board of the German Trade Union Council have echoed these sentiments. In the Bundestag, Minister of the Interior Hermann Höcherl described the awards as "crude impertinence" on the part of right-radical groups and promised an investigation. Finally, the government of Baden-Württemberg refused to permit the award of the Hutten Prize to take place in Heidelberg Castle, and the Bavarian Bureau of State Palaces, Gardens, and Lakes ruled that the Münchener Residenz could not be used for a reception in Hoggan's honor.

All this uproar doubtless served to advertise Mr. Hoggan's views, and to keep Hitler at the center of controversy in Germany, where the Hoggan fuss was preceded by the Schramm affair.

EARLIER this year the Seewald Press published a new edition of Henry Picker's book *Hitlers Tischgespräche* ("Hitler's Table Talk"), a valuable source book, first published in 1951, which includes a record of the conversations the Führer had with—or rather the monologues he delivered to—his intimate circle of associates in the years 1941 and 1942. This new edition includes a long introduction by the Göttingen historian Percy Schramm, in which he describes Hitler's private life, his relations with the members of his Table Round, the sort of things he liked to talk about, his taste in music, art, books, and food, his gift of mimicry, his delight in jokes (as long as they were clean), his charm and his arts of ingratiation, particularly with women, his loyalty to his old comrades, and other aspects of his personality.

Schramm's introduction was serialized in the weekly news magazine *Der Spiegel,* starting with the issue of January 29. Almost immediately, the editors were deluged with letters from readers who felt that the professor was presenting a "Biedermeier Hitler" and providing "advertising for fascists, even if indirectly." One reader wrote ironically: "The fact that Hitler loved dogs and children is not new and cannot move anyone any longer. But that he secretly raised the wages of ballet girls three hundred per cent in order to save them from the threat of a life of prostitution brings tears to the eyes

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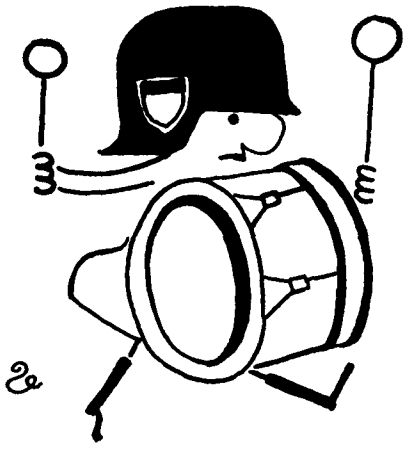
of the most hard-bitten amongst us." The historian Golo Mann, son of Thomas Mann, took a more serious view: "All the things that Percy Schramm describes may be true. But doesn't the professor understand that a complete picture is a matter of how the details are ordered? Doesn't he understand that a man should be judged by his deeds and not by his love of children and animals?"

The shrillness of some of the letters published in *Der Spiegel* suggests that the Germans have still a long way to go before they will be able to view their recent past without nervousness. "Why," asked one reader, "is this iron *still* so red hot?" Professor Schramm, who has written extensively and critically of Hitler's conduct of the war, had not the slightest intention of trying to "humanize" Hitler. His purpose was rather to show that the Führer was a much more complicated person than is commonly realized and the more menacing for that very reason. If we go on thinking of Hitler in terms of stereotypes like "the house painter" or "the carpet-chewer" or "the drummer," Schramm wrote in a recent letter to *Die Zeit* of Hamburg, if we continue to think of him only "as a gifted propagandist, a master in the art of seducing the masses, whose menace the German people recognized only when it was too late, then the Third Reich takes on the character of a railway accident, which could have been avoided by greater vigilance and which can never happen again." But this kind of explanation is superficial and will certainly not satisfy the younger generation who want to know how their elders could have "fallen for" Hitler.

Some of the people who wrote to *Der Spiegel* appreciated Schramm's intentions. More than one student wrote to say that since Hitler was the most destructive force in modern history, everything about him had significance, even his inordinate love of sweets, and one girl wrote: "It is a bitter necessity for us to know such things and to continue to work away at the Hitler phenomenon because the ambivalent nature of our own people is bound up with it."

ANYONE who enters a German bookstore today will discover that the shelves are filled with books about



the Führer and his régime. None of them, however, is as charitable toward Hitler as Hoggan's, not even Johann Recktenwald's neuropsychiatric study *Woran hat Adolf Hitler gelitten?* ("What Was Adolf Hitler Suffering From?"), a not entirely convincing attempt to prove that the Führer was the victim of post-encephalitic Parkinsonism. ("Oh, dear!" said the charming lady who sold me my copy. "Now they'll be saying that the poor fellow was ill and couldn't help himself!") And most of the new volumes, implicitly or explicitly, reject the picture of a Hitler who was conciliatory and peaceful, of a war that was *erzwungen*.

Take, for instance, the monumental *Die Nationalsozialistische Machtergreifung* ("The National Socialist Seizure of Power"), by Karl Bracher, Wolfgang Sauer, and Gerhard Schulz. Anyone who wants to know whether Hitler wanted war or not in 1939 should consult this volume, in which Sauer demonstrates that from 1936 onward German economic policy was based, by a conscious and avowed decision by Hitler himself, on the assumption that war *was* coming and would solve all economic problems. Hannah Vogt's *Schuld oder Verhängnis,* a book for younger readers which has sold more than 400,000 copies and which will be published in the United States later this year under the title *The Burden of Guilt,* demolishes such legends as the legality of Hitler's assumption of power and the wisdom of his economic policy, and makes hash of the myth of Hitler as peace-lover. Werner Klose, in his *Hitler: Ein Bericht für junge Staatsbürger* ("Hitler: A Report for Young Citizens"), makes his position clear by entitling the chapter on the origins of the 1939 conflict *"His* Second World War." After describing the crimes committed during that war, Klose says: "If it had not been for the heroism of the women and men of the resistance, what right would our people have to look those of other nations in the eye?"

OF THE most recent publications, two are particularly interesting. In *Das Gesicht des Dritten Reiches* ("The Face of the Third Reich"), J. C. Fest has undertaken to give "a profile of a totalitarian ruling system." Based on a series of radio programs which the author wrote for RIAS in Berlin, this book analyzes the nature and policies of the Third Reich by brilliantly written sketches of such paladins as Goebbels, Himmler, and Bormann, such lesser figures as Ribbentrop ("The Degradation of Diplomacy"), Speer ("Technological Immorality"), the Auschwitz commandant Hoess ("The Man from the Crowd"), and three faceless figures, General X, Professor NSDAP ("The Intellectuals and National Socialism"), and German Wife and Mother.

The key chapters, however, deal with Hitler himself, whom the author sees as the product, on the one hand, of the general decline of European security and traditional values and, on the other hand and more specifically, of "that fatal German conception which makes politics either a contemptible occupation for dubious types or a business for 'strong men,' which compensates for lack of civil liberty by escaping into 'inner freedom,' and . . . which regards the state, not as a system of balanced powers that exists to protect the liberties of the individual, but rather as an absolute essence with far-reaching claims to subordination."

More substantial than the Fest volume is the first major German biography of Hitler in ten years, Hans Bernd Gisevius's *Adolf Hitler: Versuch einer Deutung* ("Adolf Hitler: An Attempt at an Interpretation"). The author, whose book *To the Bitter End* in 1947 was the first account to give American readers a picture of the nature and scope of the German resistance, opens with a statement of motive similar to that of Professor Schramm. "It is time,"

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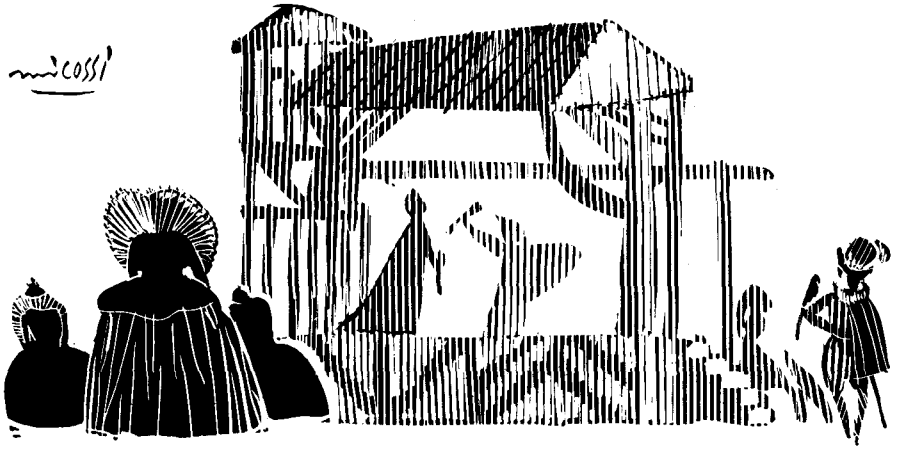
he writes, "to stop painting Hitler in blacks and whites. . . . He reached too deeply into our lives for us to go on being content with clichés . . . ."

The Gisevius book has its faults, chief among which is the lack of balance between its parts, over half of the stout volume being devoted to the years between 1933 and 1938, with the war years receiving a relatively cursory treatment. But no book before this one has taken Hitler with such deadly seriousness, or described so convincingly his undoubted intellectual gifts, his diplomatic skill, and his tactical virtuosity, or brought out more clearly his ability to make not only the German masses but the elite groups as well into his willing accomplices. Gisevius leaves no doubt that both Hitler's economic policy and his expansionist philosophy pointed clearly to war, and that this was known to the ruling group as early as 1935. "I did not raise the Wehrmacht in order *not* to strike," Hitler said on November 23, 1939. "The determination to strike was in me all the time."

GISEVIUS'S book is currently sharing table space in many German bookstores with the most widely read and most frequently cited biography of Hitler, the English historian Alan Bullock's *Hitler: A Study in Tyranny*, which has just been reissued by the Fischer Press in a handsome two-volume paperback edition. All German writing on Hitler has been dependent to some extent on Bullock's pioneer work. This is clear even in the most recent publications, for Gisevius's account of Hitler's career before 1933 does not differ essentially from Bullock's, and Schramm's introduction to the "Table Talk" was in marked respects anticipated by Bullock's brilliant seventh chapter, which analyzes the character of the dictator at the height of his power and points to "that mixture of calculation and fanaticism, with the difficulty of telling where one ends and the other begins, which is the peculiar characteristic of Hitler's personality."

The Fischer paperback will doubtless be followed soon by a German translation of Bullock's second edition, which has recently appeared in England and the United States. In this edition, which has been revised in the light of the new documentary sources that have become available and the large number of important monographs that have been written in the last ten years, Bullock has not changed his interpretation of Hitler in any basic way. He still sees him as a man who conquered Germany and most of Europe because he "possessed talents out of the ordinary which in sum amounted to political genius"; and he still sees "those remarkable powers . . . combined with an ugly and strident egotism, a moral and intellectual cretinism," and a complete imperviousness to "all ideas save one—the further extension of his own power and that of the nation with which he had identified himself."

The most substantial changes and additions in Mr. Bullock's new edition have to do with the origins of the war of 1939, for it is here that the new documents are most plentiful. None of the alterations will comfort revisionists like Hoggan. Bullock's account of the period between March and September, 1939, reveals some uncertainty on Hitler's part and much of that tactical elasticity which was always characteristic of his statecraft, but it shows also that his purpose never faltered. As he said to his officers on May 23, 1939, in one of those declarations Hoggan prefers to skip over, "There is no question of sparing Poland, and we are left with the decision: to attack Poland at the first suitable opportunity. . . . The idea that we can get off cheaply is dangerous; there is no such possibility. We must burn our boats."



Gide's Hamlet

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

HAMLET has survived all manner of interpretations—stylish modern dress, a bare rehearsal stage, an all-Negro cast, even a woman in the title role. As John Barrymore, Sir John Gielgud, Richard Burton, and many great actors have agreed, the play can be rediscovered and re-created every decade or so. Indeed, no performance of the past is ever definitive—not even in the career of a single actor who is fortunate enough to play it in several revivals. Each novel production throws new light on that perennially fascinating masterpiece.

Similarly, *Hamlet* has survived translation into most modern languages, being played to foreign audiences who may often have wondered what English-speaking people saw in the play and why it stood in a category by itself. And just as any translation, even of a paragraph of prose or four lines of verse, cannot but be an interpretation, each new version of *Hamlet*, in whatever language, is bound to provide a personal commentary. Within a single language, no translation can be final, for in such matters, thank heaven,

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there exists no "authorized version" or "exclusive rights." André Gide's *Hamlet* is necessarily as different from those of his friends Marcel Schwob or Jacques Copeau as Maurice Evans's *Hamlet* is from Laurence Olivier's. Each provides a new and personal interpretation.

BUT WHY should we, who know and love Shakespeare's *Hamlet,* be concerned with André Gide's *Hamlet?* A translator's work, made to inform his compatriots and to enrich the literature in his own tongue, is rarely of interest to the literature of the original. But Gide was a great creative writer in French, a tremendous force in modern letters who left, and will continue to leave, his mark on generations of Frenchmen. Let us reverse the situation for a moment and try to imagine what would result. No one in France would bother collecting and comparing English versions of Molière, except a scholar-specialist who might thereby draw interesting conclusions about Anglo-Saxon attitudes toward France's great dramatist or about changing tastes across the Channel or the Atlantic. But if a T. S. Eliot suddenly issued his translation of *Tartufe* after a lifetime of reflecting on Molière, his interpretation would interest all literary-minded Frenchmen with a knowledge of English.

The analogy is not farfetched, for throughout his long life Gide revered Shakespeare as few Frenchmen do. References to Shakespeare abound in his voluminous *Journals* from their beginning in 1889 to their end in 1949. His translation of *Antony and Cleopatra* was published in 1921, and he was fifty-two when he interrupted his writing of *The Counterfeiters* to begin the translation of *Hamlet.*

Then at the height of his literary career, with more than twenty books to his credit, he was just beginning to enjoy a widespread reputation as a disturber of youth and a controversial figure in modern letters. He had not yet taken up the defense of homosexuality in *Corydon,* confessed publicly in *If It Die . . . ,* or become converted to Communism. But his monthly *Nouvelle Revue Française* was already setting the literary tone throughout Europe; his early novellas, *The Immoralist, Strait Is the Gate, The Pastoral Symphony,* were winning new readers; and his enigmatic creature Lafcadio was becoming a sort of model for many restless postwar young men.

From Act III, Scene I

Etre ou ne pas être: telle est la question.
Y a-t-il pour l'âme plus de noblesse à endurer
les coups et les revers d'une injurieuse fortune,
ou à s'armer contre elle pour mettre frein
à une marée de douleurs? Mourir: dormir;
c'est tout. Calmer enfin, dit-on, dans le sommeil
les affreux battements du cœur; quelle conclusion
des maux héréditaires serait plus dévotement
souhaitée? Mourir, dormir; dormir . . .
rêver peut-être. C'est là le hic! Car, échappés
des liens charnels, si, dans ce sommeil du trépas,
il nous vient des songes . . . halte-là! Cette
considération prolonge la calamité de la vie.
Car, sinon, qui supporterait du sort les soufflets
et les avanies, les torts de l'oppresseur,
les outrages de l'orgueilleux, les affres
de l'amour dédaigné, les remises de la justice,
l'insolence des gens officiels, les rebuffades
que les méritants rencontrent auprès des indignes,
alors qu'un petit coup de pointe donnerait quitus
de tout cela? Qui donc assumerait ces charges,
accepterait de geindre et de suer sous
le faix écrasant de la vie, s'il n'y avait
cette crainte de quelque chose après la mort,
mystérieuse contrée d'où nul voyageur ne revient?
Voici l'énigme qui nous engage à supporter
les maux présents, plutôt que de nous en échapper
vers ces autres dont nous ne connaissons rien.
Et c'est ainsi que la conscience fait de chacun de nous
un peureux; c'est ainsi que la verdeur première
de nos résolutions s'étiole à l'ombre pâle de la
pensée; c'est ainsi que nos entreprises de grand essor
et conséquence tournent leur courant de travers et
se déroutent de l'action. Mais silence! La belle Ophélie!
O Nymphe, intercédez pour mes péchés dans vos prières.

HE PUT ASIDE his version of *Hamlet* in July, 1922, at the end of Act I because, as he noted in his *Journals,* "The difficulty is never completely overcome, and in order to write good French one has to get too far away from Shakespeare." Nonetheless he permitted the Franco-American review *Echanges* to publish his version of Act I in 1929. That is probably where the young actor Jean-Louis Barrault read it subsequently. For it was at Barrault's insistence, in the darkened France of 1942, that Gide in his seventy-third year returned to the thorny task of translating *Hamlet.* After three months of labor at six to eight hours a day, he finished his full version, which was first published in 1945 in New York by his friend Jacques Schiffrin under the imprint of Pantheon Books. A year later the translation, without the English original on facing pages, appeared in a Paris edition, and soon thereafter Barrault first staged Gide's *Hamlet* at the Théâtre Marigny, whence he brought it to New York for our surprise and edification.

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(The Beacon Press will reissue Gide's Hamlet *as a paperback in August, with this essay as an introduction.)*

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In Black and White

MARY V. WALTON

THREE RECENT MOVIES about Negroes, *The Cool World, Black Like Me,* and *Purlie Victorious,* illustrate one way at least in which the Negro world is exactly like the white world: films about it can be good, bad, or indifferent. Of the three, only *The Cool World* is consistently entertaining. The other two, while not so poor as to send one to the nearest television set, at times make the viewer feel embarrassed for the acting, the writing, or the directing.

Purlie Victorious, adapted from the successful Broadway play of the same name, concerns the attempts of the Reverend Purlie Victorious to outwit the doddering but lascivious Ol' Cap'n Cotchipee in order to buy a church for the Negroes of Cotchipee County. Ol' Cap'n is an antiquated racist who keeps "his" Negroes by keeping them in debt. But the film is mostly for laughs, not social criticism, and the gravity of the situation is lost in comedy.

The movie opened last September as *Gone Are the Days!* and did very badly at the box office despite generally favorable reviews. Recently it was rerun under its more familiar title, but the producers' evident hopes that this would stir up interest were disappointed. Popular plays can be turned into good movies—*The Best Man* is a current example—but *Purlie Victorious* illustrates how not to do it. The main point the producers missed is how much more important the visual element is on the screen than on the stage. A movie must create the illusion of reality with lifelike settings as varied and unusual as the real world generally is, and actors who seem not to be acting. In *Purlie* continued interest would depend on initial acceptance by the audience of a rather improbable situation. But the sets are few and so clearly artificial that they might have been used in the stage version. The actors, inadequately coached for films, use expansive gestures, exaggerate their facial expressions, and speak in loud voices, sometimes losing words. So unimaginative is the production that it looks and sounds like a filmed play.

Ossie Davis, author of both play and screenplay, has a marvelous gift for dialogue but a lesser one for plot construction. The opening scenes give away the ending, so that the story, which develops in a long flashback, has little suspense. Some of the performers are entertaining, particularly Godfrey Cambridge, who plays Gitlow, a Negro yes man.

THE SECOND FILM, *Black Like Me,* is an adaptation of the book by John Howard Griffin, a journalist who, wanting to find out "what it's like to be a Negro in the South," used pills, supplemented by sun-lamp treatments, to change the color of his skin, and then embarked on a tour of several Southern states. Although Mr. Griffin "passed" without challenge, it is hard to see how James Whitmore, who represents him in the movie, could have done so. He neither looks, dresses, talks, nor acts like anything but a white man with a deep tan. Mr. Whitmore's characterization is particularly grating when he reacts to incidents arising from his color the way a white man might who did not expect such treatment. Even if he looked like a Negro, his stiffened jaw and open resentment would soon destroy the illusion—or at least land him in jail.

And yet this travesty is curiously effective in dramatizing the oppression the Negro suffers in the South. The journalist is turned down for jobs, pursued by bullies, insulted by white women. A bus driver forces him to remain seated at a rest stop where whites are allowed off. He is told to leave a public park. Hitchhiking, he is picked up by white drivers who question him about sex, particularly whether he's ever had a white woman. When he evades their questions, they refuse to take him any farther. He learns to recognize the "hate stare," ostensibly peculiar to Southern whites. Another Negro tells him to drink as little water as possible because toilets are sometimes hard to find. The movie's greatest weakness, Mr. Whitmore's very inability to be a Negro, unintentionally becomes a powerful illustration of the distance between the races.

Wondering how the movie compares with the book, I bought—and read in one sitting—Mr. Griffin's fascinating account of his weeks as a Negro. Many of the movie's incidents are quite true, and some have been altered only slightly for convenience. Unfortunately, Hollywood insisted on providing extra human interest in what might have been a decent documentary. The movie Griffin goes out with a warm and sympathetic Negro woman, who is intended, perhaps, as a contrast to his own wife, a woman whose manner indicates possible racial prejudice of her own or, at the very least, disapproval of her husband's project. (For the record, the real Mrs. Griffin wholeheartedly supported her husband.) Also, just to show that Negroes are not all good, the movie inserts a young civil-rights militant who hates all whites, including those like the journalist who are on the Negroes' side. And the movie Griffin is so plagued with self-doubt, which he expresses by gazing off into space with an agonized expression, that he is not very companionable. In one soul-searching scene he almost gives up. But not quite.

All this personal melodrama is included at the expense of some very interesting parts of Mr. Griffin's book—the discrimination among Negroes themselves based on shade of skin, his visits to Negro universities, the way conditions vary among states and cities. Those who really want to know what it's like to be a Negro in the South should read the book. It's not only more enlightening, it's more interesting.

THE RESPONSE of Southerners attacked for their racial policies is to indict the North. Whether or not the indictment is made in good faith, *The Cool World* shows that it is not without some validity. Set in Harlem and based on Warren Miller's novel of 1959 and the subsequent play by Miller and Robert Rossen, the film deals with the struggle of fourteen-year-old Richard

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"Duke" Custis to win respect among his contemporaries in the only way he knows, by becoming president of his gang, the Pythons, and leading it to victory against a rival gang, the Wolves. As the key to both leadership and victory, Duke seeks to buy a gun from Priest, the very cool ex-president of the Pythons, a bearded hipster who flaunts a white mistress and traffics in crime.

The film, directed by Shirley Clarke, is technically brilliant. As the camera roams the wretched streets, it stops wherever the eye might stop, on the face of an old man, on a group of people listening to a demagogic speaker denounce the "white devils," and on children laughing, playing, watching. The camera pursues Duke through aimlessness, crime, flight, and a fleeting glory. It moves rapidly because Duke is always on the move, here rejecting the love of his family, there basking in the admiration of his gang and his gang's woman, the fourteen-year-old Luanne. When the camera leaves him at last, he is completely alone in this comfortless world. The wailing, pounding, crying music of Mal Waldron, played by Dizzy Gillespie, is a wordless commentator whose rhythms haunt the film. *The Cool World* is a remarkable thing to see and hear.

THE MOVIE is relentless in its revelations. Luanne longs to go to San Francisco to see the ocean. She is unbelieving when Duke tells her there is an ocean that can be reached by subway. When he takes her to Coney Island, she disappears, and he hunts for her on the empty beach, carrying a large stuffed animal under his arm. We never see Luanne again. Such scenes strip these kids of their toughness, shocking us into the most startling realization of all: they are children; they don't have a chance.

The Cool World attacks the white world without ever mentioning segregation. It condemns the treatment that has rooted most Negroes in virtually inescapable poverty, for it is poverty that forces Duke to satisfy his craving for leadership through a delinquent gang and makes idols of men like Priest.

All three films are in black and white.

BOOKS

The Captive Commanders

ROBERT P. KNAPP, JR.

THE SWORDBEARERS, SUPREME COMMAND IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR, by Correlli Barnett. *Morrow. $7.50.*

It is unlikely that the war of 1914-1918 will ever be exceeded in terms of sustained military slaughter. Man's earlier efforts in organizational achievement had laboriously produced monuments like the Pyramids, the Great Wall, and the Panama Canal, but warfare had never been waged on a systematic, industrialized basis. Not until 1914 had man been able to marshal every resource of the earth, every product of his skill, every avenue of communication, and every spark of human spirit to reduce the actual, desperate acts of combat to an unending series of futile and meaningless horrors, mere day-by-day transactions incidental to the massive industrial outpourings of the warring nations. Cool and assiduous minds produced manuals showing for every unit how many tons of ammunition were needed for "a day of fire," how many pounds of food for "a day of rations," how much hay, how much oats for "a day of forage," how many men for "a day of replacements" for the dead and wounded. From the sunny harvest days of August, 1914, to the bitter finish five grim Novembers later, no mind, no man ever successfully formulated a plan for decisive military victory. In no war before or since were the supreme commanders of the military forces so powerless to influence the outcome of the struggle. Ultimately in each case and on each side, the commander's task became that of maintaining the status quo, rehabilitating his shattered troops, and restoring their broken lines of combat.

Correlli Barnett's brilliant and fascinating study is accordingly not so much an examination of the personalities of the commanders or of their careers as it is a trenchant analysis of the events in which they were caught and of the societies that produced both men and events. "The First World War," he writes, "had causes but no objectives." What he says of the German High Command in 1914 was by his evidence equally true of the commanders of all the belligerent forces. Fifty years before Hiroshima, the second industrial revolution of the latter half of the nineteenth century had created forces of destruction that man could command but not control. As the author observes of the generals of Imperial Germany in 1914: "Both individually and as a group they were as ill-equipped to lead this great machine [the German Army] as a seventeenth-century coachman would be to drive a Mercedes-Benz."

MR. BARNETT'S history spans the entire war. He has chosen as his foci

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two commanders who led at the outset, the younger Moltke and Jellicoe, and two who were products of the war, Pétain and Ludendorff. The author's choice is a keen and perceptive one. The first two belong to the Victorian age that produced them; the second two, to the era that followed them. The First World War lasted four years. Except for Pétain, the periods of these four men's effective influence were even shorter, but among them they reflect nearly a century of history hinged on the pivot of the Great War.

In 1914 Germany faced war with a plan, Britain with a fleet, and France with an illusion. At the outset, only the German plan gave evidence of being adequate to its purpose, but it was the first to fail. With its failure went Moltke, a general who nearly ten years earlier had characterized himself as "too reflective, too scrupulous, and, if you like, too conscientious" to assume the post of chief of the German General Staff, which he held in 1914. With the war and attack on France hours away, Moltke was to weep in despair at the Kaiser's sudden mercurial obsession with the notion of throwing Germany's army against Russia instead of France. Moltke's tears were not those of a man denied his cherished dream. When events brought the Kaiser back to the necessity for attacking France, Moltke was "overwhelmed by the sensation of standing on the brink of a gulf." For Moltke, heir to an illustrious name in German arms, inheritor of the icy Schlieffen's design for annihilation of the French Army, was a man aware too late that he was the captive of events whose course he could not control, whose consequences he could not foretell, but for which he must answer to himself.

WE MUST WONDER, though, what history would tell us of Moltke had the campaign of the Marne gone according to German plan. Would the spectacle of the general and his vacillating emperor have ever been disclosed? A basis for speculation at least exists in the memoirs of the German generals after the Second World War. There is little of reflective misgivings in those accounts of the French campaign of 1940. Discordance and recriminations only begin after things start to go wrong in the Russian campaign. But there is no sure basis for comparison between the Kaiser and Moltke on the one hand and Hitler and his generals on the other. Moltke stood indeed on the brink of a gulf in 1914. Even as his armies marched to their fatal check at the Marne, Hindenburg and Ludendorff were routing and dispersing the ill-officered Russian masses at Tannenberg. Ludendorff clearly stands on the far side of the awful chasm that swallowed not only Moltke and his armies but the entire world of 1914.

As he stood on the threshold of a terrible new era, Moltke's self-confidence drained from him because he could see too far and could see too many of the dark uncertainties that lay before him. Confronted with the immensity of the task before him, Moltke was overwhelmed by the complexities of technique and detail that must be resolved if his nation was to triumph. Above all there came to him the heavy realization of the responsibility for the lives of the largest and most powerful host that had ever been assembled. Ludendorff, in contrast, was the consummate master of detail and technique. Years later his wife was to observe that he "never possessed any knowledge of human nature." Faced by the imponderables of war, a dubious Moltke was compelled to reluctant acceptance of belief that the end justified the means. Ludendorff, with his mastery of the methods of war but not of the art of war, believed that the means were an end in themselves. Ludendorff failed as Moltke had failed, but spiritually it was a very different failure. Moltke died in 1916, broken by his own acceptance of his personal failure. Ludendorff died in 1937, refusing to admit personal defeat, embittered by his twisted conviction that he had been successively failed by his Kaiser, his country, and his erstwhile disciple, Adolf Hitler.

NEITHER Moltke nor Ludendorff ever held the post of commander of the German armies in point of title. That fact is an irrelevant detail, because after the campaign of the

In the Beginning

(for Steve Trefonides)

Out of doors the season dies, a fountain
Ruffles in the wind. The great Museum
Squats closer on its hoard and will not stir,
Its squares of granite, speechless with fatigue,
Imply the slithering pit, the shapelessly-
Adjusting matter of the rubbish heap.

Webs of corridors and polished chambers
Hold fast the howling turbulence of types,
Caught against museum technique—dispersed
In order everywhere on fragile trays
Or draped or towering in enormous gloom;
Human voice and footstep die.

A dozen tiny coarse clay animals
Picked from a midden—hook-winged geese or hawks,
A bull with pitted head free to move—
Squat blindly. The remote curator speaks:
"In the beginning there were toys, implying love . . ."
Voice and footstep die away.

—THOMAS KINSELLA

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Marne there was no effective high command on the Western Front except for Captain Mud and General Slaughter. By 1915 the First World War had become a leaderless, endlessly bloody brawl, where the men who came to the top were those whose toughness and good luck enabled them to brawl the longest. The true leaders of the war—as opposed to the commanders—did not sit in GHQs and cabinet rooms. They were the noncommissioned and junior officers who survived the longest in the unending, purposeless butchery of the trenches. They were the Hitlers and the Röhms in the German Army. With good fortune, they could to some small degree control the actions and the survival of the small groups for whom they were responsible, but control on a larger scale was proved impossible in one futile and costly offensive after another.

Where Ludendorff succeeded it was because he studied, analyzed, and revised the mechanics and methods of trench warfare. He became a hero and almost a demigod to the army because he put in the hands of the small-unit leaders the means for success in the small areas in which they fought. Ludendorff failed because he could not, any more than the lower commanders, see beyond local tactical victories to weld them into the strategic success that the Kaiser's armies could have had in the spring of 1918. But Ludendorff's kinship with his troops went deeper than his understanding and development of trench-warfare techniques and tactics. Quite properly, the front-line infantryman lays his reverses, his hardships, and his comrades' deaths at the feet of his superiors. Moltke was overcome by his anticipation and acceptance of this guilt and responsibility. Ludendorff's break with the fundamentally aristocratic traditions and ideals of a Moltke, his link with the Nazi era, lies in his refusal to accept the evidence of his own complete and ultimate failure and his insistence that the entire responsibility lay elsewhere. When his 1918 offensive finally broke down because of his inability to pull it together, Ludendorff was "like a beetle on its back, waving and wriggling furiously to no effect" and blaming everyone but himself.

Appropriately, Mr. Barnett begins and ends his survey with the men who stood at the top of the German High Command, but his studies of the British and the French are equally penetrating and incisive. His portrait of Jellicoe is not only a fine account of the Battle of Jutland but a merciless analysis of the "flawed cutlass" that was the Royal Navy and of the "comfortable, complacent and passive" society that it represented. Pétain, the victor of Verdun, is placed in the context of the slogan of Vichy France: *Travail, Famille, Patrie* as opposed to the French republican ideals of *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité.*

The Swordbearers should command attention for many years to come for its concept of the full and true role of military history. Mr. Barnett's writing is at all times lucid and absorbing; his analyses cut to the heart of matters, and his conclusions ring true. His book is both military history at its best and much more than that. «»

'Vicisti, Galilaee'

GEORGE STEINER

JULIAN, by Gore Vidal. *Little, Brown. $6.95.*

Historical fiction is often the autobiography of a man's dreams. To Ibsen, Julian the Apostate was the incarnation of radical private vision, of ecstatic reform. To Merezhkovsky, he was an Eastern dreamer, uniting Attic and Byzantine ideals in a reverie of imperial power. To Gore Vidal, he is a fighter and politician of cool, amused intelligence; a proud, elegant player in the games of the mind and of military risk. This is a Julian who knows how to leave exits for an adversary, who listens to advice without necessarily hearing, who dies young at the hand of obscure, cynical betrayal. One cannot say that Julian *is* John F. Kennedy (though there are touches at the poignant *end that summon echoes*), but this is surely a novel Kennedy would have relished.

First, for its history. Like Robert Graves in *Count Belisarius*—a near model—Vidal has established a lively authority over the facts and mood of a peculiarly tangled historical period, the mid-fourth century A.D. He renders the nervous atmosphere of a waning empire and the sense of private disorder under the weakening grip of Roman rule. We move from Paris and the Black Forest, that dark sea which Roman legions never wholly charted, to the tawny rocks of the Persian marches. Landscapes are kind to the historical novelist; they survive to give the imagination root.

The life of Julian, moreover, is unusually well documented. A sheaf of his letters and reflections has come down to us, as have portraits by contemporary admirers or opponents. Though his sporadic, amateurish attempt to restore the ancient gods failed and scarcely left a trace, he obviously gave Christianity a scare. The phantom of Julian's apostasy burned in Christian imaginings of hell long after his brief life had ended. And it was when Christian orthodoxy faltered, in the new Hellenism of the late nineteenth century, that Julian re-emerged as a symbol of hedonistic intelligence and refined sensuality.

ON THE LATTER, Vidal is hardly convincing. The orgy—obligatory in modern costume fiction—is meager stuff. Julian's resolute indifference to women, according to this admiring interpretation, freed him to indulge his stylish intelligence. He was fascinated by the traps and vistas of political power. Unlike Marcus Aurelius, he did not regard the present as a shadowy blemish on the transcendent futurity of the soul. He knew the world for the bright, treacherous chaos it was, and delighted in the tasks it set him. Above all, he seems to have had a certain Stoic gaiety, a way of giving his sharp, wary mind the poise of laughter. It is this which the novel seizes best, and it is a distinctive note in the whole of Vidal's writing and political stance.

The play of irony is reinforced by the device of outside narrative and commentary. The story is told in Julian's own words and in those of Priscus and Libanius, garrulous

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 106

by HENRY ALLEN

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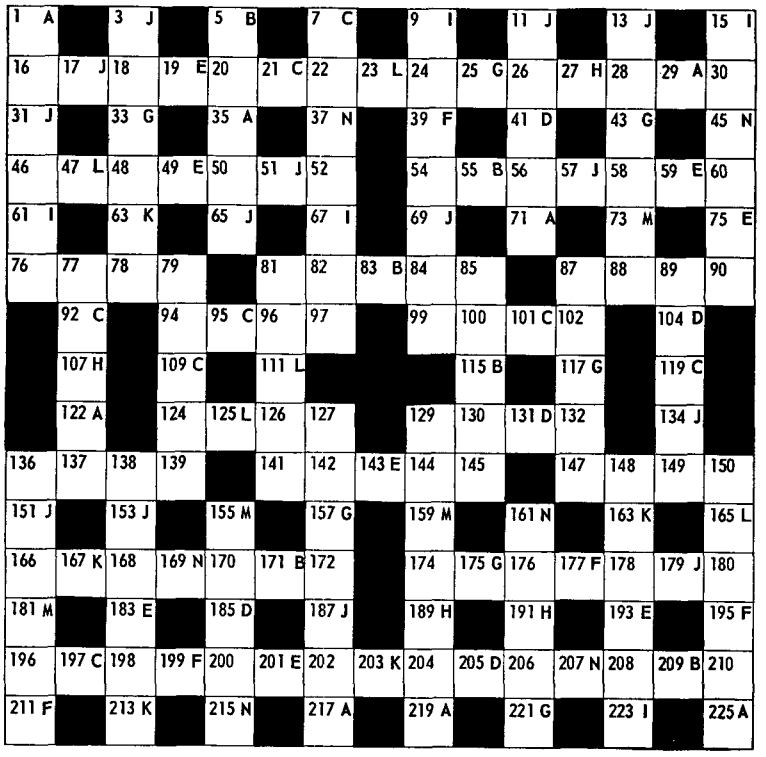
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
35 225 1 71 29 122 217 219 "Which fiddle-strings is_____to expredge my nerves this night!" Dickens, "Martin Chuzzlewit."

B
83 115 171 209 5 55 A lizard for the stage?

C
92 197 101 7 21 119 95 109 Nursery song (5,3).

D
185 104 205 41 131 Hungarian light-opera composer.

E
59 201 19 193 143 183 75 49 A popular vocal group.

F
195 199 177 39 211 "_____obeyed in office." Shakespeare, "King Lear" (1,3'1).

G
175 117 25 157 33 221 43 "A neat rivulet of text shall_____through a meadow of margin." Sheridan, "School for Scandal."

H
189 27 191 107 "Most dangerous / Is that temptation that doth_____ us on / To sin in loving virtue." Shakespeare, "Measure for Measure."

I
67 15 223 9 61 He was whipped from Aldgate to Newgate and from Newgate to Tyburn.

J
134 17 51 187 69 11 57 151 3 13 65 31 179 153 A work of the Acrostician (4,2,3,5).

K
213 203 163 63 167 "But keeps_____ / To the Propontic and the Hellespont." Shakespeare, "Othello" (3,2).

L
165 23 111 125 47 "Ruining along the illimitable_____." Tennyson, "Lucretius."

M
181 155 159 73 "Thou art noble and_____ and antique." Swinburne, "Dolores."

N
37 207 161 215 45 169 A kind of beard.

ACROSS

16. Idleplay at Animal Farm? (9,6).
46. The dear sweet is tressed about.
54. The Scottish charm seems impervious to tears.
76. The British gent is found with his hat off, often (Brit. slang).
81. With "The," a work of the Acrostician.
87. So the clergyman evens things up? On the contrary.
94. Draw these for Sodom's husband and namesake.
99. Theater scene in tarred ropes.
124. One of something, made of tin, you know.
129. This building has a bar in it and they never mix the grape and the grain.
136. Kind of joy for a dog, perhaps.
141. The country of the plane.
147. If this pans out, it will bite!
166. A U.N. genie? No, a naïve girl.
174. If you 'arbor one, there will be more web showing.
196. Fatuous remark of a hungry lover (4,6,2,3).

DOWN

1. Dismasts? Almost, when the ship leaves among us.
3. Parts of earth the zealot will go to (4,2).
5. Kind of post that's not old at first.
7. Circus tents have large sides, too (3,4).
9. Part of breakfast food that seems stringy (3,4).
11. An honest postal privilege.
13. The wall is evened up in Ur, Fred.
15. Skilled ones have a small department or two.
77. A role with a penny is not as young as some.
79. The loud boor may insult authority.
81. If you sat in something, it may be this.
85. Large kind of energy.
87. Discloses and apostrophizes writers.
89. Street girl who might become a Mason.
127. Is there not a steed on this Aegean island?
129. Riff-raff who stay in their shells? (3,4).
136. Items are no good hits.
138. Man who sounds as though he had no superior.
148. Dentures or 1964 Presidential advisers, for example (3,3).
150. Tear 3.14 for a man of Penzance.
155. Vacant or not permitted?
161. The seaman dined to ease.

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old men wise and weary after the event. This is a fine stroke; it makes the reader's sense of historical distance and uncertainty an accomplice to illusion.

Julian is not, I think, as strong a book as *I, Claudius;* Graves is a master poet and a man possessed by classic values and habits of speech. But Vidal has written a novel full of wit and energy. «»

Lots of Yaks In Oxbridge

ROBERT SKLAR

ONE FAT ENGLISHMAN, by Kingsley Amis. *Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.*

Ten years ago Amis's first novel, *Lucky Jim,* made him a celebrity. The hero of *Lucky Jim,* a history teacher named Jim Dixon, was the funniest of the angry young men who sprouted on the English stage and in English fiction after the war. Everyone now agrees that "angry" was the wrong word for these hotbloods, fuming at the stuffed-shirted males and flat-chested females of the Establishment. Jim Dixon's motives were hardly pure enough to justify anger, but he was sorely exasperated.

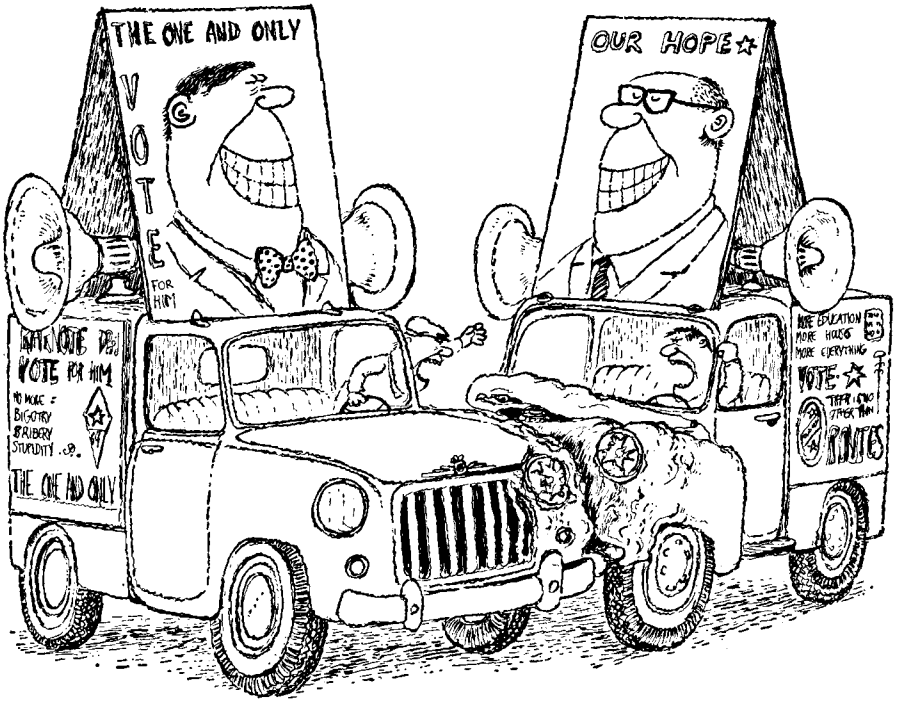
Amis's admirers do not consider *Lucky Jim* his best novel. They prefer his second, *That Uncertain Feeling,* or his fourth, *Take a Girl Like You;* the third, *I Like It Here,* was an embarrassing disaster. They find the social criticism in the later books more subtle and profound. Yet, to my mind only *Lucky Jim* has the energy and the comic power to bring its readers back a second time. Jim Dixon's impatience, his audacity, his banality, his virtue, give the novel a tone and tempo that have gradually disappeared from Amis's later work.

The heroes of his later novels grow away from Jim Dixon in two respects: they become more and more obsessed with sex and more and more complacent with their lot. If *Lucky Jim* asks, "Is there in England a place for the likes of me?," the later novels ask merely, "How can I get all the sex I want with as little trouble as possible?" The question reveals quite clearly the juvenile cast of mind among Amis's heroes; if Amis has drawn them truly from life, they indicate, as perhaps the principals in the Profumo scandal did in their own way, that the post-Victorian English male approaches the most glamorous sexual encounter with the emotions of a spoiled teenager.

One Fat Englishman carries this trend to an extreme, and one is relieved to feel—at least to hope—that Amis has nothing further to say on the subject. For this is another disaster, a novel without qualities. Its sole intrinsic interest lies in the fact that it is a novel set in the United States by England's funniest novelist —with a reputation as a subtle observer of English social life. Amis has had his year as a visiting novelist in residence, and this is the result. The nature of his subtlety, his humor, and his care in writing about American life can be deduced from an example. The setting of the novel is obvious: classes at Amis's fictional school are called preceptorials; Princeton is the only university in the country that has preceptorials. Yet Amis has named his college Budweiser and its rivals Schlitz, Pabst, etc. Presumably this will make them all yak in Oxbridge.

THE one fat Englishman is Roger Micheldene, a wealthy London publisher. Except in his sexual obsession, he is very unlike every previous Amis hero. A member in good standing of the Establishment, he is reactionary, anti-Semitic, obese, surly. He hates jazz, another juvenile touchstone of value in previous Amis novels. He hates the United States. He is a villain. But the girls, especially the married ones, put out for him. And we learn, after the climactic copulation, that Roger's vices are all caused by his father's having inherited wealth instead of earning it.

Amis gives his readers a biscuit to eat and one to carry home, too. They can hate Roger Micheldene as a sex maniac and an aristocrat while they thrill vicariously to his sexual conquests and his marvelous chance to make fools and cuckolds out of Americans. Amis's previous disaster, *I Like It Here,* was also a book set abroad, in Portugal, but the "here" in the title meant England—in other words, "I want to stay home." Bloody old England is not so bad a place after all, so if you want to stay angry, young man, visit the States.



Deadlocked by Fernando Krahn

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BOOK NOTES

NEW YORK: TRUE NORTH, by Gilbert Millstein and Sam Falk, photographer. *Doubleday. $7.95.*

New Yorkers as a breed bring to mind Lord Byron, who could live neither with nor without women. Confronted chronically with the evidence of violence, loneliness, humidity, crises (where else could Forty-second Street cave in the day the Fair opened?), and the kind of suspiciousness and tension that generate the city, many New Yorkers concede that it is an appalling place; at the same time, they are certain that, rootless though they may feel, they could not survive transplanting. "What Dante's hell was all about—the last circle," according to one of Gilbert Millstein's witnesses, "is Scarsdale."

Mr. Millstein and fifty-six highly assorted acquaintances present fifty-seven varieties of reaction, all of them interesting. Here the bookie, the madam, the priest, the doctor, the lawyer talk about how the city beguiles or bedevils them, enchants or exasperates them. Some are naïve, like the real-estate man who has never given a thought to what New York means to him, although he has put up many of its buildings; some are depressed, like the playwright who suffered claustrophobia from the pressure of "all these thick lives" around him; some are adaptable, like the blind girl who still enjoys the subway squash. Some thrive on competition; some are diminished by it. Some develop curious specialties like the ability to classify patrons geographically at a glance. (New Yorkers' "teeth are like their clothes—worked on. They have Brooks Brothers teeth.") Mr. Millstein contributes a number of small essays and some bitter captions. Beside a zoo picture, he comments that in Central Park the tiger is safer than the child.

EARL WILSON'S NEW YORK. *Simon and Schuster. $4.95.*

Mr. Wilson is folksy, fond of flibbertigibbet non sequiturs, and very, very inside. The new level of the George Washington Bridge, he says, is known to one and all as the Martha. Washington Mews is worth inspecting not because it's attractive or historic, but because Suzy Parker lives there. He also offers some offbeat tourist suggestions: "You can view the very doorway where Frank Costello was shot by a man he never squealed on"; look on Riverside Drive as that part of town most millionaires abandoned "long before they died"; crash the yacht-club set—"everyone with a scintilla of curiosity will." Chapters on how to pick up a boy or girl; where to people-watch (come see the unshaven drunk, the "pitiful-looking toothless old beggaress"); reassurance that it's not beyond the pale to eat economically, and that the egghead, committed though he may be to knowing the "differences between *entrecôte* and *entrechat*," can have as much joy on the town as the belly-dance aficionado. Recommended for the egghead, besides the predictable museums: the Institutes for Hand Knitting and Gracious Living.

NEW YORK: PEOPLE AND PLACES, by Victor Laredo and Percy Seitlin. *Reinhold. $12.50.*

A photographic study of times gone by, when architects practiced ornamentation and people practiced togetherness. This in contrast to the ephemeral present, in which housing and employment are granted on a kind of loan basis, and the possibility exists of going for days without speaking. And yet this is a very contemporary New York book, in that it not only speaks of that "sense of New Yorkishness, perverse, unclassifiable, yet desirable," but makes the parochial assumption that everyone everywhere has but one aim—to live in New York. There is a small crusade here—to save not Penn Station but the Jewish-type cafeteria. And lively chapters on the coffee break and the free load.

NEW YORK CITY AND THE FAIR, by Lucrecia Lopez. *Charles Frank. $3.50;* paperback $1.95.

A small, useful guide that includes a brief history of the city with accent on its immediacy—how very recently skyscrapers and the Broadway entertainment strip came to be, how relatively new even the venerable buildings are. The virtue of the book is that it divides Manhattan into logical, encompassable chunks, starting at the Battery and working north. For each area there are smudgy, incomplete maps, specific public-transit directions, a list of entertainments for children as well as for adults, of places to eat, a description of monuments and who built them—an explanation, for instance, of that terrible Seward statue in Madison Square. Also lots of typos, unless we are to take Miss Lopez seriously and order lamp shanks.

NEW YORK: PLACES & PLEASURES, by Kate Simon. *Meridian. $1.95.*

This splendid and original guidebook, already a classic, has been updated for its third edition, and Miss Simon has done her homework well. The Fair section, written prior to the opening, is sketchy and already—she warns of this—partially obsolete; but her restaurant listings have been scrupulously checked and revised. Some have disappeared altogether, some have moved, some are new; changes in management or menu or price have been noted. She also seems the only writer in existence to know that an adult no longer requires a child to enter the Children's Zoo in Central Park.

NEW YORK. Photographs by Andreas Feininger. Text by Kate Simon. *Viking. $10.*

Here again is Miss Simon the celebrant, who looks with love yet sees with clarity. Sharp eyes and a sharp tongue save her from sentimentality. She is able to laugh at the periodic crusades to save the old, which in New York is rarely very old and which frequently is a dirty eyesore, a bastard version of something else somewhere else. As she says, "We have the gift of misting over an amiable late-Victorian Gothesque monstrosity, and seeing it as the Taj Mahal, and pasta statuary looks like Ghiberti doors to us when it is threatened." Hers is the definitive examination of the subway phenomenon—of the frantic assault when everyone knows full well that in a minute or so there will be another train. A man can stand in front of the mob and be knocked to the tracks, or he can stand back, "so that his is the face on which the door closes, leaving him teetering on the precarious edge, anyhow."

—NORA MAGID

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This 2 handicap golfer also happens to blend the world's finest Scotch.

George Thomson lines up his putt at the Kilmarnock (Barassie) Golf Club. He plays an excellent game of golf, but his true claim to fame is the "educated" nose he uses to blend Johnnie Walker.

Its name is Johnnie Walker Black Label. And its secret is the precise, authoritarian nose of one man. George Thomson, third master blender in the 144-year-old history of John Walker & Sons.

Why his whisky stands apart. Experts will tell you the sumptuous character of Black Label can come only from the richest of the 101 straight malt whiskies produced in Scotland. And Mr. Thomson's educated nose knows them all—their characteristics, their personalities, and how they'll "marry" with others.

For Black Label, he uses more than 40 of the expensive "single malts." To this blend of flavorful Highland malts, George Thomson adds just the exact amount of aged Scotch grain whisky necessary to complete the unique formula that is Johnnie Walker Black Label.

Are you paying a premium for Scotch? If you're paying for "the best," you ought to be getting all the smooth Scotch richness and true Scotch character of Johnnie Walker Black Label.

The superiority of it is recognized throughout the world by people who know Scotch whisky. It's in such demand in the United Kingdom that it's actually on ration there. But the current U.S. quota allows you to get a reasonable supply.

Ask for Black Label tonight. Its smooth, satisfying flavor could change your taste for fine Scotch.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF.
IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

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The sweetness of 380 lumps of sugar is concentrated in this tiny bottle.

(But not the calories.)

Next time you want a lump of sugar in your coffee, just squeeze out two drops of Sweeta® concentrated sweetener and skip the calories.

With other brands, you'd have to measure out 8 drops. Not an exhausting job, it's true. But a nuisance. Drop drop drop drop drop drop drop drop every time you want a cup of coffee (that's *one* lump).

The Sweeta squeeze package works, too. You want a drop? You get a drop.

How does it taste? Sweet as sugar. By combining saccharin with still another sweetener (sodium cyclamate), the Squibb Division of Olin was able to avoid the bitter after-taste of artificial sweeteners. They made it a liquid, so it would mix instantly, even in iced drinks.

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